

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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Vol. VI

DECEMBER 1900

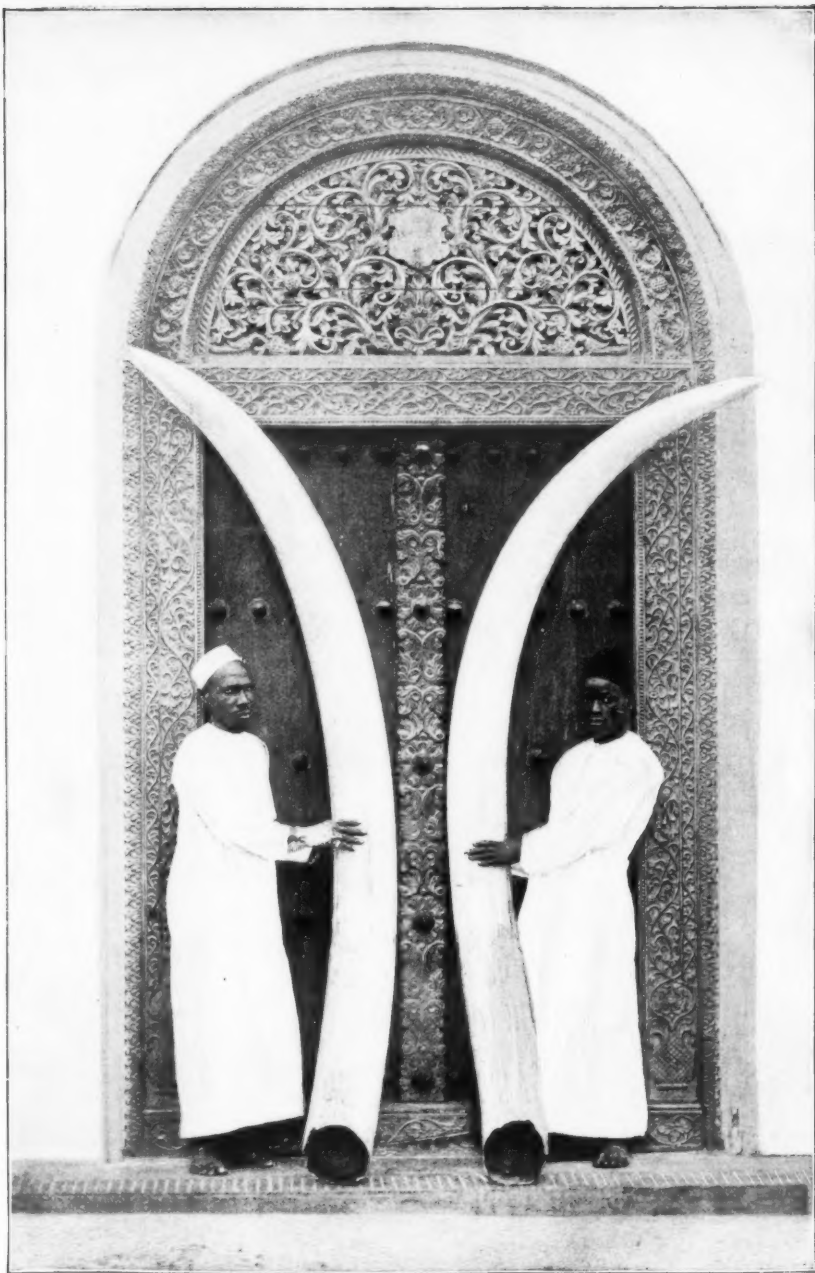
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The Largest Elephant Tusks Ever Found in East Africa. They Were Shipped to This Country by an American Firm at Zanzibar, That Controls Nearly the Whole Ivory Trade.

—*"Zanzibar."*—p. 466.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 5

THE D'ARTAGNAN OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

BY GEORGE L. FIELDER

THREE hundred years of the most rapid progress in all lines of human activity separate us from the day when d'Artagnan, an awkward, half-grown youth, astride his haggard yellow pony, rode into the city of Meung amid the laughter of the citizens. The Three Musketeers of Dumas rode and fought in the period when war was an elegant art. In our day, business is the most highly developed of arts; our heroes fight with stocks and properties, and they ride in steam yachts or in private cars. Epics are done in syndicating the bowels of the earth; romances may be read in the handling of public commodities. Thus we have our Ulysses and our Achilles handling the yield of the earth, and in railways our Musketeers. And of the last in charm above them all stands d'Artagnan, the man who does business as the other fought, daringly, astutely and picturesquely, but always with the greatest possible pleasure in the task. This man is William C. Whitney.

And yet Mr. Whitney's real business career did not begin until he was forty-five years old.

To-day he is fifty-nine. He was born at Conway, Massachusetts, July 15, 1841. His parents were descendants of the earliest Puritans, and his father was Brigadier-General James Scolley Whitney. The family was well-to-do, and both sons were sent to Yale. The people of Conway used to say of these boys that they were sure to amount to something, although William C. was quite a puzzle to them. He was only eighteen when he entered Yale, where he gave tokens of the characteristics that have stood out prominently in his business achievements.

He was essentially a man of peace; nobody knew him ever to threaten or malign an enemy. But he fought him just the same, only shrewdly without exposing himself, and to a finish. He was then, as always since and with deeper effect, a prince of indirection. He boxed and rowed while at college, but did not gain any particular distinction in athletics. He was not a hard student. In fact, that certain confident indolence of the gifted man is a marked feature of his make-up. Yet he was brilliantly successful in his studies, and was elected class orator. On presentation day he shocked the conservative by reading his oration. It was a bold thing to do, especially at Yale, where precedents are rigid. William C. Whitney ventured this stroke on the impulse of two peculiar motives: his daring initiative and his dislike to be at the pains of memorizing his oration.

The taste of success in athletics that William C. Whitney enjoyed would seem to have inspired the interest he is believed to have taken in guiding his son Payne's attention to athletics while at Yale. Shortly after Bob Cook, the Yale coach, ceased to be publisher of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* he secured a post with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. About this time Payne Whitney was elected captain of the Varsity crew. In some small minds this coincidence gave rise to criticism which is too trifling to recall. After a year at the Harvard Law School William C. Whitney came to New York and was admitted to the bar. He did not have much money, and as a young, briefless lawyer he had but few influential friends. He set out at once to make

both friends and opportunities. He first struck a matter of value to the projects of Jay Gould. In his own way, Whitney secured an audience with Jay Gould and made plain his proposition. Jay Gould agreed with him, and from that time Whitney held a certain financial influence in this direction. In politics, also, he sought to make his way. He joined Tammany Hall and became a successful organizer of Democratic clubs. A young man who worked with him at this time, as a lieutenant, very unwillingly acted as a canvasser in booming these clubs. In speaking of the matter after twenty years, this man said:

"I didn't want to do that work—I hated it. But Whitney made me do it. I don't know just how, but I did what he wanted, and I was glad to do it to please Whitney."

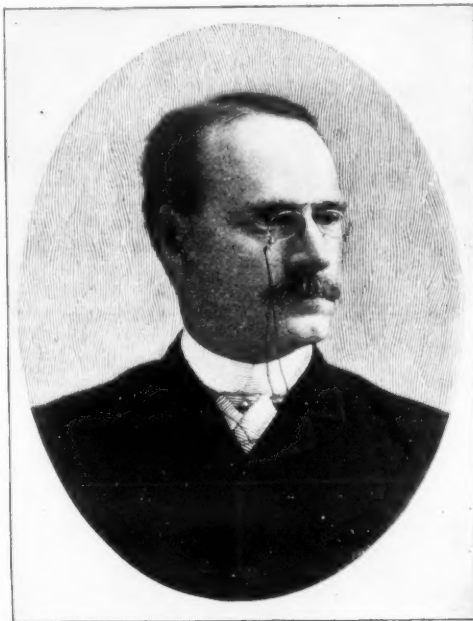
As time went on, Whitney became more of a force in the party, and when Samuel J. Tilden began his famous fight on Boss Tweed, Whitney proved an invaluable ally. His loyalty in this fight made sure for him the lasting friendship and the backing of Tilden. You can see now just how unerring Whitney has been in his faculty for picking the right man to do the right thing. In these days, of course, he had no commissions to bestow, only services to seek. The brilliant young lawyer who got to his back such a pair as Jay Gould in finance and Samuel J. Tilden in politics could move only one way, and that was ahead. The first notable advance Whitney made, the advance that allowed him the opportunity to prove his mettle, came to him when he was thirty-four years old. This is a fact important to re-

member when you hear stories of the marvelous success of young men. William C. Whitney hustled about New York during twelve long, hard years before he got room to swing his powers at the full. In 1875 he was appointed Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. In parenthesis, it may be remarked that he has never held an elective office. He has never had to go before the people to win votes. This is in keeping with his plan of indirection. The office of Corporation Counsel, of all municipal posts, is perhaps, that requiring the most thorough

training and the most rare capacity. Most of the men who knew Whitney admitted his brilliant qualifications as a lawyer, but few suspected his wonderful talent for organization. When he took office the affairs of the department were in a tangle apparently hopeless. He plunged into the chaos as fearlessly as d'Artagnan used to parry and thrust with two foes or five, according to the number of fighting men that happened to be in range of his sword. He weeded out of the bureaus those men that

he judged to be weeds, and with his persuasive persistency, in his own inimitable way, he got more work out of the efficient men than they had ever done before. And he kept things at white heat for seven years. When he went into office there were 3,800 suits pending, involving \$40,000,000. He cleared up this deadwood in a year, and in two he had doubled the business of the department and saved the city \$2,000,000.

Even for a successful politician, the next jump that Whitney made was a record smasher. It landed him as Secretary of the



William C. Whitney.

The only photograph Mr. Whitney has sat for since he was Secretary of the Navy.

Navy of Cleveland's Cabinet in 1885. Cleveland is reported to have said on this subject that even he himself did not know how Whitney managed to get in. Once in the Cabinet, however, Whitney began to show his right to be there. His executive capacity and his knack of picking men were again in evidence, and the result of his four years of office became immortal in the creation of the White Squadron. Naturally, there are some who refuse to give the credit of inaugurating our new navy to Whitney. A man well known in Wall street, who in a way is a competitor of Whitney and has known him familiarly for a long time, was spoken to on this matter.

"Whitney responsible for the White Squadron?" he said, quickly. "Not at all. William E. Chandler is the man that deserves the credit."

It is true that Whitney was severely criticized by the Board of Naval Construction for having accepted certain plans from foreign shipbuilders. The recollection of this episode led the talk over to an opinion of Whitney's judgment.

"I once spoke on this very point with Mr. Whitney himself," said my informant, "and I'll tell you what I told him.

"'Mr. Whitney,' I said, 'your off-hand judgment is no better than any other man's; but your mature judgment is better than that of almost any other man I know.'"

Confident that the speaker was intimately acquainted with both characters, I inquired

whether, as a man of big affairs, Whitney did not move a great deal more swiftly than J. Pierpont Morgan.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, Mr. Whitney is a snail. Mr. Morgan is an eagle."

In curious contrast is the utterance of another man, who has had perhaps a more extended intimacy with Whitney.

"What do you consider to be Mr. Whitney's most valuable power?" was the question put to this man.

"His ability to decide a thing while the other man is thinking about it," was the unhesitating reply, "and the fact that before the other man has made up his mind, Mr. Whitney has acted."

The remarkable thing about William C. Whitney is that his business career began only after he left Washington and when he was forty-five years of age. He was now done with politics, apparently. In truth, he has never been out of politics for a month of his life since he came to New York. His influence with Richard Croker is said to be as great as any that the Prophet of Tammany Hall inclines to; and if, for any reason, it should happen that Whitney and Tammany Hall came to daggers' points, the stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway would be dropped like a hot potato. When Whitney was appointed Secretary of the Navy, Tammany had no bitterer foe than Grover Cleveland. Towards the close of this administration it used to be said that the government



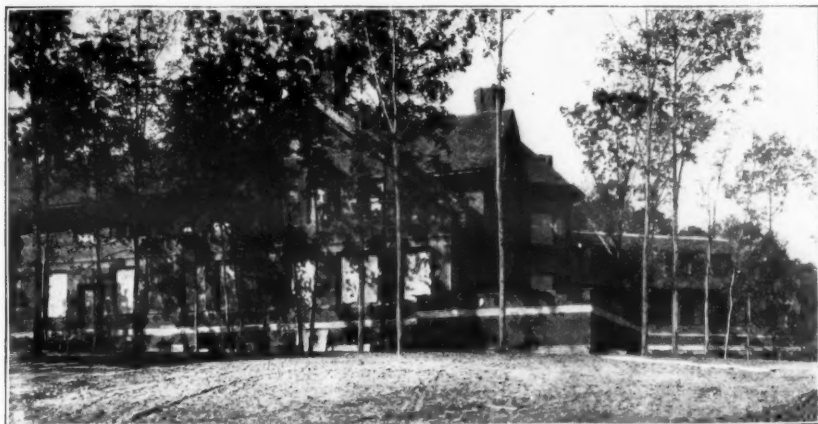
The House of Mr. Whitney, at Newport.

was under the control of Tammany Hall. Cleveland is reported to have uttered these words to Charles S. Fairchild:

"I'm on to Whitney and his tricks, and I don't want any more of him."

The methods of the men are diametrically

cable roads cost only 17 and $\frac{76}{100}$ cents. He had no sooner reached this decision than he introduced cable traction. But he went right on investigating, for the impulse of Whitney is always to have an eye on the tomorrow of things. His cable cars were



Mr. Whitney's Country House at Westbury, Long Island.

opposed. Cleveland hews his way through opposition by main force, toppling over all that bars progress. Whitney, on the contrary, builds a bridge over obstacles, or, more frequently, digs a tunnel under them and suddenly reappears to view on the advantageous side. It is only natural that Whitney should be subject to criticism. We have nothing but suspicion for strategy not our own.

As Whitney's public reputation is most closely related to his control of the street railways of New York, we can afford to pass over his dealings in whiskey and tobacco. When he returned to New York in 1886 the street railways of the metropolis were perhaps the most unprogressive in the United States. As soon as he took hold of the Broadway surface road he replaced the ancient, ramshackle cars with cars of new and almost elegant design. He recognized from the beginning the common-sense principle that so many corporations and directors of corporations ignore, which is, that the better the service given to the public the heavier the dividends paid on the investment. But he did not stop here. He began to investigate the cable system of surface roads in other cities. He found that while it cost 18 and $\frac{97}{100}$ cents per car mile to run horse cars,

larger and of costlier fittings than any others in the country. Realizing that the only chance many people have to read newspapers is while they are in the cars, he put in the Pintsch system of lighting, which was as much of an improvement on the oil lamp as the lamp was on the original tallow dip. Then he inaugurated the transfer system by which a passenger can ride all around New York for five cents. Railway people laughed at him and made all kinds of prophecies about the folly of the innovation. But the transfer system proved to be the right thing and has since been adopted by other lines. Last year the Metropolitan Railway took in ninety-nine million transfers. His next discovery was that while his cable traction cost 17 and $\frac{76}{100}$ cents per car mile, electric traction would cost only 13 and $\frac{16}{100}$ cents per car mile. Then he began to change the entire system to electric traction. The wisdom of Whitney's progressive methods is evidenced in the steady increase of the net earnings of the surface roads as compared with the declining receipts of the elevated railroads over a period of years. In his handling of the street railways, Whitney again showed his marvelous faculty for selecting men. The man he chose to carry out this enterprise was H. H. Vreeland.

Vreeland's career is as dramatic as a play. He began as a section man on the Long Island Railroad, became a brakeman and then got employment on what is now known as the Putnam Road. One day Whitney was making a tour of inspection on this railroad

this time he was Assistant General Manager and had pull enough to order a special train. He reached the office on time. He had been waiting for quite a while when a clerk came up to him and asked, "Are you Mr. Vreeland?"



Group of Mr. Whitney's Jockeys and Stable Boys.

with other directors. He began to question the officials of the Company on details of the road's business. To almost every question, they replied lamely, "Guess you'd better ask Vreeland about that."

"Who is Vreeland?" said Whitney.

"He's the conductor."

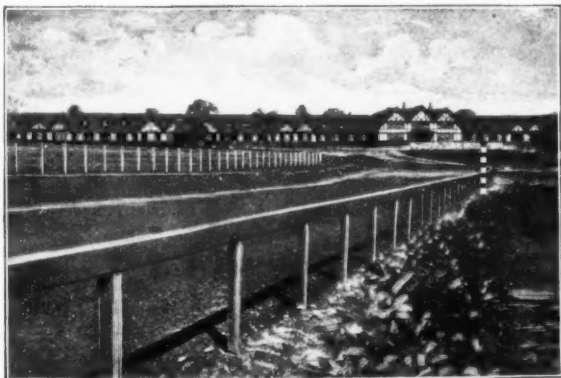
Vreeland was sent for, and Whitney found him a tall, raw-boned man with a square jaw and fine, regular white teeth, which showed continually while he answered a rapid fire of questions.

Whitney hadn't talked with him fifteen minutes when he had him marked. Sometime later Vreeland received a telegram from Whitney asking him to be at the office of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad that day at two o'clock. There was no train on the schedule which would get him into New York in time to make the appointment. But by

"That's my name," said Vreeland.

"Well, Mr. Whitney is waiting for you inside."

Vreeland was taken in and introduced to the Board of Directors of the West Houston Street and Pavonia Ferry Railway, who had just elected him president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John



Mr. Whitney's Private Race Track, and Stables at Westbury.

Crimmins. The street lines included in this road were all badly equipped and poorly handled. It was a question of reconstruction that just appealed to Vreeland because it was difficult. He grasped the situation at once and within a few months had the property moving in the right direction. In speaking to one of his associates at this time, he said: "I'd rather do this than make money." But the making of money was not far off.

To-day Vreeland is president of the Metropolitan Street Railway and is considered the highest authority on surface traction in this country.

Then there was George B. M. Harvey. Whitney had gained control of all the main arteries of surface traction excepting the Third Avenue line. He began maneuvers to secure that. Planning to beat the price of the stock down, he made a newspaper campaign and picked Harvey as his press agent. Harvey was then managing editor of *The World* on a small salary. To-day he is worth probably half a million, and is owner of the *North American Review*, but strangely enough, has gone over to the Morgan camp. Meanwhile, Whitney had banged Third Avenue so effectively that the price of the stock had been cut in two. All this time Vreeland had been studying the property. When it was placed in the hands of a receiver, Vreeland secured access to the statements, which he ate up in short order. After a day or two of digestion he said to his chief:

"Now, Mr. Whitney, is the time to buy."

And "Buy" was the slogan for all insiders.

With characteristic finesse, the Whitney crowd worked the market both ways. Some

of the shrewdest men in the street thought that the Whitney people were selling. But no one seemed to know what was going on.

It was a smooth deal. The Whitney people bought the road at a lower price than they had previously offered to the owners. They got in at about 55, and now the stock is quoted at 112. In testimony of their appreciation of Vreeland's work in this deal, the Whitney syndicate sent him a check for \$100,000, which they could well afford to do.

As far as can be learned, Whitney's next deals will be Brooklyn Rapid Transit and the Manhattan Elevated. This is a natural and logical sequence to what the Whitney people have already done successfully in street railways. They have given a more satisfactory service to the public at a less price than was ever before attempted in the metropolis.

The Whitney people have been so much more progressive than the Manhattan Elevated people. Every improved facility on the Elevated has been wrung from those in authority either by legislative enactment or through a public expression of public opinion so strongly expressed as to convince a soulless corporation that that thing was the only thing to be done. Whitney, on the contrary, has anticipated public demands, and has more than met the public half way.

Whitney's motor carriage enterprise is the outcome of his studies in electrical transportation. He realized that surface railways could not cover all streets and that the motor vehicle, not requiring any track, must supply this deficiency. After consideration he reached out for the motor patents



Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and His Four-in-hand.

of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut. He bought all their patents for motor carriages. While negotiating in Hartford he discovered George H. Day. Mr. Day had directed the experiments in developing the Pope motor carriage and was Vice-president of the Pope Manufacturing Company. This affords another example of Whitney's unerring judgment of men. Mr. Day is the king-pin in Whitney's motor carriage enterprise.

While carrying out his idea of the possibilities of electricity, Mr. Whitney, as owner of enormous power houses in New York City, had more of three commodities than he needed. These are electric power, electric heat and electric light; all three of which are used in moving, lighting and heating his surface cars. Naturally, he desired to sell any excess beyond his own needs for the purpose of public heat and public light. But at this point he crossed the path of the Standard Oil Company, for they also are in business to sell heat and to sell light. The result was a Cyclopean tussle for control of present lighting and heating companies, which brought on the big December fight of last year. Every one remembers the mysterious Wall street panic of last December, when call money shot up to 186 per cent., and J. Pierpont Morgan, to protect his own interests, made one of his infrequent but dramatic visits to the floor of the Stock Exchange. This was when Mr. Morgan offered to loan \$1,000,000 at six per cent., which broke the abnormally high rate for call money.

The inside story of last December has never been told, but it is believed that Whitney did not come out as the top-notch. One from the opposition camp made the remark at dinner recently:

"Why, Mr. Whitney found himself in the position of Davy Crockett's coon, who said, 'Don't shoot, Mr. Crockett, I'll come down.'"

A Wall street magnate who ought to be

in a position to know, when discussing the coon story, said, in a Pickwickian way:

"Why, that coon story can't be true, because Standard Oil did not prevent Mr. Whitney from going on the board of directors with the gas people."

But this Wall street magnate, sober as he is, has a few of the crowfoot lines around



Mr. Whitney's Town House, at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue.

the eyes, which in most people indicate a sense of humor.

Since this fight Whitney seems to have pulled out from the thick of the scrimmage. One can almost imagine him saying to himself:

"I am fifty-nine. I've fought hard all my life, and I've got a good deal of fun out of it—also a good deal of money. Now I'm going to take a rest and have some fun without fighting."

To-day one of Mr. Whitney's offices is at his Fifth Avenue house, and the other is a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. He seldom goes down town.

Looking back on the life of William C. Whitney, two moral qualities stand salient: His willingness to divide in business and his humanity. He has never wanted the whole thing for himself. He has been steadfast to

his friends. He has helped men of brains to the prosperity they deserved. In all his enterprises he has arranged that the men who did the work got their full share of profits when profits came. With those who made money for Whitney he always saw to it that they made money for themselves. His human side is broad and profound. Whenever he could get others to do his work he paid them well to do it and spent the time gained in attention to the social side of living. He likes the opera. He has been prominent in society not for form's sake, but for the pleasure of intercourse with intelligent men and women. He is a good talker, democratic in his attitude, and he is known to be interested in people generally. His new house at Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue is a museum of art. His house at Westbury, Long Island, is a unique example of scope and splendor in country life. Both places reflect the man's breadth of view. Big men want lots of room.

Next to society, his chief recreation is in horses. Of recent years, he has taken up the sport with increased ardor. He uses the same sweeping methods in his stables as in his business. He goes in to win, but is a cheerful loser. William C. Whitney and

James R. Keene rival each other on the turf with all the intensity of their conflicts in finance. The competition is already bequeathed to their sons, Harry Payne Whitney and Foxhall Keene.

Mr. Whitney is known to have said so frequently in his life: "You fellows handle that and take the credit, too." In other words, he has always been a shedder, but his opulent open hand always seems to be a full hand. The more he sheds, the more he gets.

Each successive withdrawal from active participation in any enterprise has left some new lieutenant down town and given Mr. Whitney time up town to think and plan and work and play. His time now seems to be more taken with considerations of policy and personal gratifications. The most of his business hours are spent up town or in going to and from board meetings. Rogers, Morgan, Olcott and others who could be mentioned with them can generally be found at their offices in business hours. Whitney seems to feel that he can get a better perspective from Sixty-eighth Street, his town headquarters for business and pleasure.

THE GREAT INTERROGATION

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Son of the Wolf," etc.

I.

TO say the least, Mrs. Sayther's career in Dawson was meteoric. She arrived in the spring, with dog sleds and French-Canadian *voyageurs*, blazed gloriously for a brief month, and departed up the river as soon as it was free of ice. Now, womanless Dawson never quite understood this hurried departure, and the local Four Hundred felt aggrieved and lonely till the Nome strike was made and old sensations gave way to new.

The mining engineers revered the memory of her husband, the late Col. Sayther, while the syndicate and promoter representatives spoke awesomely of his deals and manipulations; for he was known down in the states as a great mining man, and as even a greater one in London. Why his widow, of all women, should have come into the country, was the great interrogation.

But they were a practical breed, the men of the Northland, with a wholesome disregard for theories and a firm grip on facts. And to not a few of them Karen Sayther was a most essential fact. That she did not regard the matter in this light, is evidenced by the neatness and celerity with which refusal and proposal tallied off during her four weeks' stay. And with her vanished the fact, and only the interrogation remained.

To the solution, Chance vouchsafed one clew. Her last victim, Jack Coughran, having fruitlessly laid at her feet both his heart and a five-hundred-foot creek claim on Bonanza, celebrated the misfortune by walking all of a night with the gods. In the mid-watch of this night he happened to rub shoulders with Pierre Fontaine, none other than head man of Karen Sayther's *voyageurs*. This rubbing of shoulders led to



"In the mid-watch of this night he happened to rub shoulders with Pierre Fontaine . . . head man of Karen Sayther's *voyageurs*."

recognition and drinks, and ultimately involved both men in one common muddle of inebriety.

"Heh?" Pierre Fontaine later on gurgled thickly. "Vot for Madame Sayther mak visitation to thees country? More better you spik wit her. I know no t'ing 'tall, only all de tam her ask one man's name. 'Pierre,' her spik wit me; 'Pierre, you moos' find thees mans, and I gif you mooch—one thousand dollar you find thees mans. Thees mans? Ah, *oui*. Thees mans' name—vot you call—Daveed Payne. *Oui*, m'sieu, Daveed Payne. All de tam her spik das name. And all de tam I look rount vaire mooch, work lak hell, but no can find das dam mans, and no get one thousand dollar 'tall. By damn!"

"Heh? Ah, *oui*. One tam dose mens vot come from Circle City, dose mens know thees mans. Him Birch Creek, dey spik. And madame? Hey say 'Bon!' and look happy lak anyt'ing. And her spik wit me. 'Pierre,' her spik, 'harness de dogs. We go queek. We find thees mans I gif you one thousand dollar more.' And I say, 'Oui, queek! *Allons, madame!*'"

"For sure, I t'ink, das two thousand dol-

lar mine. Bully boy! Den more mens come from Circle City, and dey say no, das thees mans, Daveed Payne, come Dawson leel tam back. So madame and I go not 'tall.

"*Oui*, m'sieu. Thees day madame spik. 'Pierre,' her spik, and gif me five hundred dollar, 'go buy poling-boat. To-morrow we go up de river.' Ah, *oui*, to-morrow, up de river, and das dam Sitka Charley mak me pay for de poling-boat five hundred dollar. Dam!"

Thus it was, when Jack Coughran unburdened himself next day, that Dawson fell to wondering who was this David Payne, and in what way his existence bore upon Karen Sayther's. But that very day, as Pierre Fontaine had said, Mrs. Sayther and her barbaric crew of *voyageurs* towed up the east bank to Klondike City, shot across to the west bank to escape the bluffs, and disappeared amid the maze of islands to the south.

II.

"*Oui, madame*, thees is de place. One, two, t'ree island below Stuart River. Thees is t'ree island."

As he spoke, Pierre Fontaine drove his

pole against the bank and held the stern of the boat against the current. This thrust the bow in, till a nimble breed climbed ashore with the painter and made fast.

"One leel tam, madame. I go look see."

A chorus of dogs marked his disappearance over the edge of the bank, but a minute later he was back again.

"*Oui, madame*, thees is de cabin. I mak investigation. No can find mans at home. But him no go vaire far, vaire long, or him no leave dogs. Him come queek, you bet!"

"Help me out, Pierre. I'm tired all over from the boat. You might have made it softer, you know."

From a nest of furs amidships, Karen Sayther rose to her full height of slender fairness. But if she looked lily-frail in her elemental environment, she was belied by the grip she put upon Pierre's hand, by the knotting of her woman's biceps as it took the weight of her body, by the splendid effort of her limbs as they held her out from the perpendicular bank while she made the ascent. Though shapely flesh clothed delicate bones, her body was a seat of strength.

Still, for all the careless ease with which she had made the landing, there was a warmer color than usual to her face, and a perceptibly extra beat to her heart. But then, also, it was with a certain reverent curiousness that she approached the cabin, while the flush on her cheek showed a yet riper mellowness.

"Look, see!" Pierre pointed to the scattered chips by the woodpile. "Him fresh—two, tr'ee day, no more."

Mrs. Sayther nodded. She tried to peer through the small window, but it was made of greased parchment which admitted light while it blocked vision. Failing this, she went round to the door, half lifted the rude latch to enter, but changed her mind and let it fall back into place. Then she suddenly dropped on one knee and kissed the rough-hewn threshold. If Pierre Fontaine saw, he gave no sign, and the memory in the time to come was never shared. But the next instant, one of the boatmen, placidly lighting his pipe, was startled by an unwonted harshness in his captain's voice.

"Hey! You! Le Goire! You mak 'm soft more better," Pierre commanded. "Plenty bearskin; plenty blanket. Dam!"

But the nest was soon after disrupted, and the major portion tossed up to the crest of the shore, where Mrs. Sayther lay down to wait in comfort. Reclining on her side, she looked out and over the wide-stretching

Yukon. Above the mountains which lay beyond the further shore, the sky was murky with the smoke of unseen forest fires, and through this the afternoon sun broke feebly, throwing a vague radiance to earth and unreal shadows. To the sky-line of the four quarters—spruce-shrouded island, dark waters, and ice-scarred rocky ridges—stretched the immaculate wilderness. No sign of human existence broke the solitude; no sound the stillness. The land seemed bound under the unreality of the unknown, wrapped in the brooding mystery of great spaces.

Perhaps it was this which made Mrs. Sayther nervous; for she changed her position constantly, now to look up the river, now down, or to scan the gloomy shores for the half-hidden mouths of back channels. After an hour or so the boatmen were sent ashore to pitch camp for the night, but Pierre remained with his mistress to watch.

"Ah! him come thees tam," he whispered, after a long silence, his gaze bent up the river to the head of the island.

A canoe, with a paddle flashing on either side, was slipping down the current. In the stern a man's form, and in the bow a woman's swung rhythmically to the work. Mrs. Sayther had no eyes for the woman till the canoe drove in closer, and her bizarre beauty peremptorily demanded notice. A close-fitting blouse of mooseskin, fantastically beaded, outlined faithfully the well-rounded lines of her body, while a silken kerchief, gay of color and picturesquely draped, partly covered great masses of blue-black hair. But it was the face, cast belike in copper bronze, which caught and held Mrs. Sayther's fleeting glance. Eyes, piercing and black, and large, with a traditionary hint of obliqueness, looked forth from under clear-stenciled, clean-arching brows. Without suggesting cadaverousness, though high-boned and prominent, the cheeks fell away and met in a mouth, thin-lipped and softly strong. It was a face which advertised the dimmest trace of ancient Mongol blood—a reversion, after long centuries of wandering, to the parent stem. This effect was heightened by the delicately aquiline nose with its thin, trembling nostrils, and by the general air of eagle wildness which seemed to characterize not only the face but the creature herself. She was, in fact, the Tartar type modified to idealization, and the tribe of Red Indian is lucky that breeds such a unique body once in a score of generations.

Dipping long strokes and strong, the

girl, in concert with the man, suddenly whirled the tiny craft about against the current and brought it gently to the shore. Another instant and she stood at the top of the bank, heaving up by rope, hand under hand, a quarter of fresh-killed moose. Then the man followed her, and together, with a swift rush, they drew up the canoe. The dogs were in a whining mass about them, and as the girl stooped among them caressingly, the man's gaze fell upon Mrs. Sayther, who had arisen. He looked, brushed his eyes unconsciously as though his sight were deceiving him, and looked again.

"Karen," he said, simply, coming forward and extending his hand. "I thought for the moment I was dreaming. I went snow-blind for a time, this spring, and since then my eyes have been playing tricks with me."

Mrs. Sayther, whose flush had deepened and whose heart was urging painfully, had been prepared for almost anything save this coolly extended hand; but she tactfully curbed herself and grasped it heartily with her own.

"You know, Dave, I threatened often to come, and I would have, too, only—only—"

"Only I didn't give the word." David Payne laughed and watched the Indian girl disappearing into the cabin.

"Oh, I understand, Dave, and had I been in your place I'd most probably have done the same. But I have come—now."

"Then come a little bit farther, into the cabin and get something to eat," he said, genially, ignoring or missing the suggestion of feminine appeal in her voice. "And you must be tired, too. Which way are you traveling? Up? Then you wintered in Dawson, or came in on the last ice. Your camp?" He glanced at the *voyageurs* circled about the fire in the open, and held back the door for her to enter.

"I came up on the ice from Circle City last winter," he continued, "and settled down here for a while. Am prospecting some on Henderson Creek, and if that fails, have been thinking of trying my hand this fall up the Stuart River."

"You aren't changed much, are you?" she asked, irrelevantly, striving to throw the conversation upon a more personal basis.

"A little less flesh, perhaps, and a little more muscle. How did you mean?"

But she shrugged her shoulders and peered through the dim light at the Indian girl, who had lighted the fire and was frying

great chunks of moose meat, alternating with thin ribbons of bacon.

"Did you stop in Dawson long?" The man was whittling a stave of birchwood into a rude axhandle, and asked the question without raising his head.

"Oh, a few days," she answered, following the girl with her eyes, and hardly hearing. "What were you saying? In Dawson? A month, in fact, and glad to get away. The arctic male is elemental, you know, and somewhat strenuous in his feelings."

"Bound to be when he gets right down to the soil. He leaves convention with the spring bed at home. But you were wise in your choice of time for leaving. You'll be out of the country before mosquito season, which is a blessing your lack of experience will not permit you to appreciate."

"I suppose not. But tell me about yourself, about your life. What kind of neighbors have you? Or have you any?"

While she queried she watched the girl grinding coffee in the corner of a flour sack upon the hearthstone. With a steadiness and skill which predicted nerves as primitive as the method, she crushed the imprisoned berries with a heavy fragment of quartz. David Payne noted his visitor's gaze, and the shadow of a smile drifted over his lips.

"I did have some," he replied. "Missourian chaps, and a couple of Cornishmen, but they went down to Eldorado to work at wages for a grubstake."

Mrs. Sayther cast a look of speculative regard upon the girl. "But of course there are plenty of Indians about?"

"Every mother's son of them down to Dawson long ago. Not a native in the whole country, barring Winapie, here, and she's a Koyokuk lass—comes from a thousand miles or so down the river."

Mrs. Sayther felt suddenly faint, and though the smile of interest in no wise waned, the face of the man seemed to draw away to a telescopic distance, and the tiered logs of the cabin to whirl drunkenly about. But she was bidden draw up to the table, and during the meal discovered time and space in which to find herself. She talked little, and that principally about the land and weather, while the man wandered off into a long description of the difference between the shallow summer diggings of the Lower Country and the deep winter diggings of the Upper Country.

"You do not ask why I came north?" she asked. "Surely you know." They had moved



"We were in a rose garden, you and I . . ."

back from the table, and David Payne had returned to his axhandle. "Did you get my letter?"

"A last one? No, I don't think so. Most probably it's trailing around the Birch Creek Country or lying in some trader's shack on the Lower River. The way they run the mails in here is shameful. No order, no system, no——"

"Don't be wooden, Dave. Help me." She spoke sharply now, with an assumption of authority which rested upon the past. "Why don't you ask me about myself? About those we knew in the old times? Have you no longer any interest in the world? Do you know that my husband is dead?"

"Indeed, I am sorry. How long——"

"David!" She was ready to cry with

vexation, but the reproach she threw into her voice eased her.

"Did you get any of my letters? You must have got some of them, though you never answered."

"Well, I didn't get the last one, announcing, evidently, the death of your husband, and most likely others went astray; but I did get some. I—er—read them aloud to Winapie as a warning—that is, you know, to impress upon her the wickedness of her white sisters. And I—er—think she profited by it. Don't you?"

She disregarded the sting, and went on. "In the last letter, which you did not receive, I told, as you have guessed, of Colonel Sayther's death. That was a year ago. I also said that if you did not come out

to me, I would go in to you. And as I had often promised, I came."

"I know of no promise."

"In the earlier letters?"

"Yes, you promised, but as I neither asked nor answered, it was unratified. So I do not know of any such promise. But I do know of another, which you, too, may remember. It was very long ago." He dropped the axhandle to the floor and raised his head. "It was so very long ago, yet I remember it distinctly, the day, the time, every detail. We were in a rose garden, you and I, your mother's rose garden. All things were budding, blossoming, and the sap of spring was in our blood. And I drew you over—it was the first—and kissed you full on the lips. Don't you remember?"

"Don't go over it, Dave, don't!"

"You promised me then—ay, and a thousand times in the sweet days that followed. Each look of your eyes, each touch of your hand, each syllable that fell from your lips, was a promise, and every caress was a winged token of your word. And then—how shall I say?—there came a man. He was old—old enough to have begotten you—and not nice to look upon, but as the world goes, clean. He had done no wrong, followed the letter of the law, was respectable. Further, and to the point, he possessed some several paltry mines—a score; it does not matter; and he owned a few miles of lands, and engineered deals, and clipped coupons. He——"

"But there were other things," she interrupted, "I told you. Pressure—money matters—want—my people—trouble. You understood the whole sordid situation. I could not help it. It was not my will. I was sacrificed, or I sacrificed, have it as you wish."

"It was not your will? Pressure? Under high heaven there was no thing to will you to this man's bed or that."

"But he is dead. It is we who are now—now! now! Don't you hear? As you say, I have been inconstant. I have sinned. Good. But should not you, too, cry *peccavi*? If I have broken promises, have not you? Your love of the rose garden was of all time, or so you said. Where is it now?"

"It is here now," he cried, striking his breast passionately with clenched hand. "It has always been."

"And your love was a great love; there was none greater," she continued, pressing home the point; "or so you said in the rose garden. Yet it is not fine enough, large enough, to forgive me here, crying now at your feet?"

The man hesitated. His mouth opened; words vainly shaped on his lips. From inquisitor he had gone upon the rack. She had broken the first line of his defense, thrown him off his guard, forced him to bare his heart and speak truths which he had hidden from himself. And she was good to look upon, standing there in a glory of passion, calling back old associations and warmer life. He turned away his head that he might not see, but she passed around and fronted him.

"Look at me, Dave. Look at me. I am the same, after all. And so are you, if you would but see. We are not changed."

Her hand rested appealingly on his shoulder, and his had half-passed, roughly, about her, when the sharp crackle of an igniting match startled him to himself. Winapie, alien to the scene, was lighting the slow wick of the slush lamp. She appeared to start out against a background of utter black, and the flame, flaring suddenly up, lighted her bronze beauty to royal gold.

"You see, it is impossible," he groaned, thrusting the fair-haired woman gently from him. "It is impossible," he repeated. "It is impossible."

"I am not a girl, Dave, with a girl's illusions," she said, softly, though not daring to come back to him. "It is as a woman that I understand. Men are men. A common custom of the country. I am not shocked. I divined it from the first. But—ah!—it is only a marriage of the country—not a real marriage?"

"We do not ask such questions in Alaska," he interposed, feebly.

"I know, but——"

"Well, then, it is only a marriage of the country—nothing else."

"And there are no children?"

"No."

"Nor——"

"No, no; nothing—but it is impossible."

"But it is not," She was at his side again, her hand touching lightly, caressingly, the sun-burned back of his. "I know the custom of the land too well. Men do it every day. They do not care to remain here, shut out from the world, for all their days; so they give an order on the P. C. C. Company for a year's provisions, some money in hand, and the girl is content. By the end of that time, a man——" She shrugged her shoulders expressively. "And so with the girl here. We will give her an order upon the company, not for a year, but for life. What was she when you found her? A raw,

meat-eating savage; fish in summer, moose in winter, feasting in plenty, starving in famine. But for you that is what she would have remained. For your coming, she was happier; for your going, surely, with a life of comparative splendor assured, she

will be happier than if you had never been."

"No, no," he protested, though the argument was telling. "It is not right."

"Come, Dave, you must see. She is not your kind. There is no race affinity. She is an aborigine, sprung from the soil, yet close to the soil, and impossible to lift from the soil. Born savage, savage she will die. But we—you and I—the dominant, evolved race—the salt of the earth and the masters thereof! We are made for each other. The supreme call is of kind, and we are of kind. Reason and feeling dictate it. Your very instinct demands it. That you cannot deny. You cannot escape the generations behind you. Yours is an ancestry which has survived for a thousand centuries, and for a hundred thousand centuries, and your line must not stop here. It cannot. Your ancestry will not permit it. Instinct is stronger than the will. The race is mightier than you. Come, Dave, let us go. We are young yet, and life is good. Come."

Winapie, passing out of the cabin to feed the dogs, caught his attention and caused him to shake his head and weakly to reiterate that it was not right. But the woman's hand slipped about his neck, and her cheek pressed to his. He could not resist. His bleak life rose up and smote him—the vain struggle with pitiless forces; the dreary years of frost and famine; the harsh and jarring contact with elemental life; the aching void which mere animal existence could not fill. And there, seduction by his side, whispering of brighter, warmer lands, of music, light and joy, called the old times back again. He visioned it unconsciously. Faces rushed in upon him;



W. V. CAHILL
1902

"Think! The long years I have waited, suffered!"

glimpses of forgotten scenes, memories of merry hours; strains of song and trills of laughter——

"Come, Dave, come. I have for both. The way is soft." She looked about her at the bare furnishings of the cabin. "I have for both. The world is at our feet, and all joy is ours. Come, come!"

She was in his arms, trembling, and he held her tightly. He rose to his feet. . . . But the snarling of hungry dogs, and the shrill cries of Winapie bringing about peace between the combatants, came muffled to his ear through the heavy logs. And another scene flashed before him. A struggle in the forest—a bald-face grizzly, broken-legged, terrible—the snarling of the dogs and the shrill cries of Winapie as she urged them to the attack—himself in the midst of the crush, breathless, panting, striving to hold off red death—broken-backed, entrail-ripped dogs howling in impotent anguish and desecrating the snow—the virgin white running scarlet with the blood of man and beast—the bear, ferocious, irresistible, crunching, crunching down to the core of his life—and Winapie, at the last, in the thick of the frightful muddle, hair flying, eyes flashing, fury incarnate, passing the long hunting knife again and again——

Sweat started to his forehead. A vertigo seemed to seize him. He shook off the clinging woman and staggered back to the wall. And she, knowing that the moment had come, but unable to divine what was passing within him, felt all she had gained slipping away. She was frightened.

"Dave! Dave!" she cried. "I will not give you up! I will not give you up! If you do not wish to come, we will stay. I will stay with you. The world is less to me than are you. I will be a Northland wife to you. I will cook your food, feed your dogs, break trail for you, lift a paddle with you. I can do it. Believe me, I am strong."

Nor did he doubt it, looking upon her and holding her off from him; but his face had grown stern and gray, and the warmth had died out of his eyes.

"I will pay off Pierre and the boatmen, and let them go. And I will stay with you, priest or no priest, minister or no minister; go with you, now, anywhere! Dave! Dave! Listen to me! You say I did you wrong in the past—and I did—let me make up for it, let me atone. If I did not rightly measure love before, let me show that I can now."

She sank to the floor and threw her arms about his knees, sobbing. "And you *do* care

for me. You *do* care for me. Think! The long years I have waited, suffered! You can never know!"

He stooped and raised her to her feet. He was afraid to look upon her, and knew he must act quickly if at all.

"Listen," he commanded, opening the door and lifting her bodily outside. "It cannot be. We are not alone to be considered. You must go. I wish you a safe journey. You will find it tougher work when you get up by the Sixty Mile, but you have the best boatmen in the world, and will get through all right. Will you say good-by?"

Though she already had herself in hand, she looked at him hopelessly. "If—if——" She quavered and stopped.

But he grasped the unspoken thought, and answered, "Yes." Then struck with the enormity of it, he hastened to add, "It cannot be conceived. There is no likelihood. It must not be entertained."

"Kiss me," she whispered, her face lightening. Then she turned and went away.

"Break camp, Pierre," she said to the boatman, who alone had remained awake against her return. "We must be going."

By the firelight his sharp eyes scanned the woe in her face, but he received the extraordinary command as though it were the most usual thing in the world. "*Oui, madame*," he assented. "Which way? Dawson?"

"No," she answered, lightly enough; "up; out; Dyea."

Whereat he fell upon the sleeping *voyageurs*, kicking them, grunting, from their blankets, and buckling them down to the work, the while his voice, vibrant with action, shrilling through all the camp. In a trice Mrs. Sayther's tiny tent had been struck, pots and pans were being gathered up, blankets rolled, and the men staggering under the loads to the boat. Here, on the banks, Mrs. Sayther waited till the luggage was made ship-shape and her nest prepared.

"We line up to de head of de island," Pierre explained to her while running out the long tow rope. "Den we tak to das back channel, where de water not queek, and I t'ink we mak good tam."

A scuffling and pattering of feet in the last year's dry grass caught his quick ear, and he turned his head. The Indian girl, circled by a bristling ring of wolf dogs, was coming toward them. Mrs. Sayther noted that the girl's face, which had been apathetic throughout the scene in the cabin, had

now quickened into blazing and wrathful life.

"What you do my man?" she demanded abruptly of Mrs. Sayther. "Him lay on bunk, and him look bad all the time. I say, 'What the matter, Dave? You sick?' But him no say nothing. After that him say, 'Good girl Winapie, go way. I be all right bimeby.' What you do my man, eh? I think you bad woman."

Mrs. Sayther looked curiously at the barbarian woman who shared the life of this man, while she, better fitted to share it, departed alone in the darkness of night.

"I think you bad woman," Winapie repeated, in the slow, methodical way of one who gropes for strange words in an alien tongue. "I think better you go way, no come no more. Eh? What you think? I have one man. I Indian girl. You 'Merican woman. You good to see. You find plenty men. Your eyes blue like the sky. Your skin so white, so soft."

Coolly, she thrust out a brown forefinger and pressed the soft cheek of the other woman. And to the eternal credit of Karen Sayther, she never flinched. Pierre hesitated and half stepped forward; but she motioned him away, though her heart welled to him with secret gratitude. "It's all right,



"What you do my man?" she demanded abruptly of Mrs. Sayther."

Pierre," she said. "Please go away."

He stepped back respectfully out of earshot, where he stood grumbling to himself and measuring the distance in springs.

"Um white, um soft, like baby." Winapie touched the other cheek and withdrew her hand. "Bimeby mosquito come. Skin get sore in spot; um swell, oh, so big; um hurt, oh, so much. Plenty mosquito; plenty spot. I think better you go now before

mosquito come. This way," pointing down the stream, "you go St. Michaels; that way," pointing up, "you go Dyea. Better you go Dyea. Good-by."

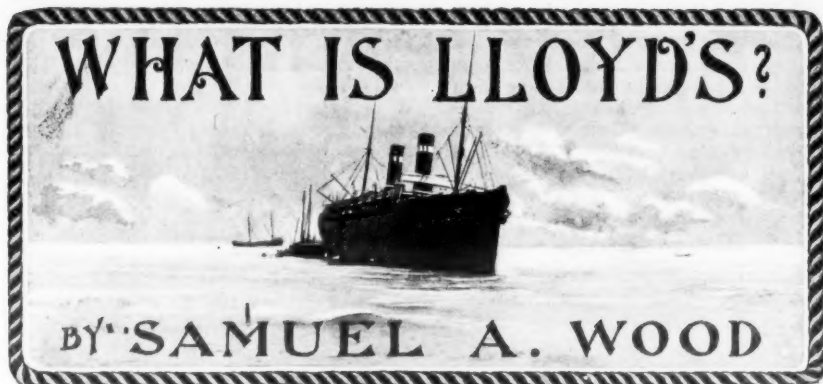
And that which Mrs. Sayther then did, caused Pierre to marvel greatly. For she threw her arms around the Indian girl, kissed her and burst into tears.

"Be good to him," she cried. "Be good to him."

Then she slipped half down the face of the bank, called back "Good-by," and dropped into the boat amidships. Pierre followed her and cast off. He shoved the steering oar into place and gave the signal. Le Goire lifted an old French *chanson*; the men, like a row of ghosts in the dim starlight, bent their backs to the tow line; the steering oar cut the black current sharply, and the boat swept out into the night.

The American Liner *St. Paul* Ashore on the Jersey Coast.

She was carrying \$1,250,000 in gold. The salvage of \$166,000 awarded, is the largest ever obtained in an Admiralty Court.



TO the casual reader of mishaps of the sea, unless he happens to know much about ships and mercantile affairs connected with shipping, Lloyd's is a mystery. For the information of the uninitiated, Lloyd's may be described as a corporation concerned chiefly in marine insurance, and, incidentally, in any other sort of insurance. It is also a colossal agency for the collection of marine intelligence. In every port near to and remote from civilization, Lloyd's has a representative whose business is to ascertain and immediately cable to the London office of the great corporation any misadventure affecting any ship of any nationality.

In 1688, Edward Lloyd, a London coffee house proprietor, about whose personality little is known, opened a resort for sea captains and ship owners in Tower Street. His advertisements in the *London Gazette* indicate that his place was patronized largely by men of the sea. Rewards were offered by him for information about, or for the apprehension of, runaway servants of skippers and sailors who had deserted their ships. On account of increased business, Mr. Lloyd opened a larger place in 1692, in Lombard Street, then the commercial centre of London. The fame of his house and its patrons spread over London town, and nearly every ship captain from the farthest corners of the world and from nearby places went there to swap stories of adventure and tell the news going on outside the "tight little island." In 1696 the number that flocked to the coffee house had become so large that Mr. Lloyd decided to put into print all the gossip, except that of a political nature,

that was brought to his place by voyagers from everywhere. Thus he established the first real newspaper ever published in English, or, maybe, in any other language. He called this paper *Lloyd's News* and it was issued three times a week. Soon the touchy government took offense at an item of news in Mr. Lloyd's paper and demanded an apology "in his next." Mr. Lloyd replied that "he would print no more at present." That ended *Lloyd's News*.

Lloyd's coffee house was the scene of many raffles and sales. The prizes of many men-of-war and privateers were disposed of by auction at Lloyd's. It became a habit of the speculative patrons of the old coffee house to subscribe—or underwrite—their names to documents insuring ships and cargoes, each subscriber appending to his name the amount of money he was willing to risk. These men were the first "underwriters." In the event of the arrival of the ship the underwriters received a certain percentage on the money they had put up to save the owners of the ship and her cargo against loss through mishap of the sea.

The old coffee house of the original Lloyd's was not big enough for the growing business of marine insurance in 1770, and the brokers and underwriters left it and went to temporary meeting places elsewhere. In the early part of 1772 it was decided to remove to new rooms over the northwest side of the Royal Exchange. By the burning of the Royal Exchange in 1838 Lloyd's lost many valuable memorials of its progress. When the present Royal Exchange was built Lloyd's was installed there. The underwriting room of Lloyd's has three rows of desks

or "boxes," at which six persons may sit. Here on every work day the bustling underwriters may be seen conducting their business, their clerks alongside, entering "risks," signing policies and "taking down" claims that have been examined and passed. The underwriters keep their hats on, as the first underwriters of the old coffee house did, and, consequently, many of them are bald. The reading room of Lloyd's has newspapers on file from nearly every part of the world. Another attraction is the captain's room, which in earlier days was the resort of skippers who delighted to exchange sea tales and sail their voyages over again. Now it is used as a luncheon room. Here the old-time custom is perpetuated of selling ships by auction. The sale goes on while the members discuss their mid-day meal.

Most of the members of Lloyd's carry on business as brokers or underwriters on their own responsibility. As a corporation, Lloyd's assumes no financial liability for the failure of any of its members or subscribers. But it admits to membership only men of reputation and means, who must deposit a pecuniary guarantee in order to become an underwriting and non-underwriting member, an annual subscriber, or an associate. An underwriting member must deposit with the Committee of Lloyd's £5,000 or £6,000, on which he receives interest and which may be returned to him three years after he ceases to be an underwriting member. He pays an entrance fee of £4,000 and an annual subscription of 20 guineas. An annual subscriber pays no entrance fee, but an annual subscription of 7 guineas; an associate member pays 5 guineas.

There were in 1771 only seventy-nine subscribers to Lloyd's. There are now nearly 1,000. The subscribers in the olden time, as now, did not confine themselves to marine insurance. They were willing to take a risk on almost anything. There is still preserved at Lloyd's a policy on the life of Napoleon Bonaparte for one month at a premium of three guineas per cent. Bank deposits are insured in Lloyd's; also, race horses, and the lives of threatened monarchs. An odd case was the covering of a risk on a glass-bed packed in twenty cases for a certain sultan. Lloyd's insured the Prince of Wales jubilee stamps, guaranteeing that the issue would be successful. The voice of a prima donna has been insured. A tradesman in a London street who has an impression that a monument may fall on his shop, has taken out a policy at the nominal premium of two

shillings and six pence per cent. Gate money for cricket and football matches; animals of all sorts ashore and afloat are subjects for insurance; policies against twins is a favorite form of insurance. A well-known underwriter is said to be always ready to lay a thousand to one against twins. Lloyd's issues insurance against burglary. Elephants are insured regularly. The life of the great Jumbo, who came to New York on a Monarch line steamship, was insured in Lloyd's for the voyage to New York. He was not insured when the life was knocked out of him by a locomotive on an American railroad whose tracks he was crossing. A celebrated singer recently took out an insurance in Lloyd's on the life of Queen Victoria. She paid a big premium on account of the age of the Queen. The reason the singer did this was not because she cared anything more than most folk for the Queen, but because her contract to sing would have been abrogated by the Queen's death, which would have plunged England into mourning and prevented the singer's appearance in opera.

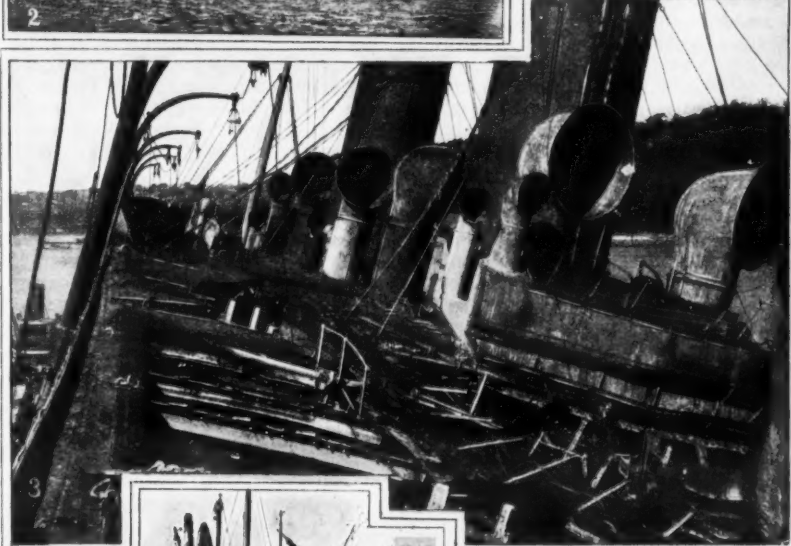
Nearly all the agents of Lloyd's have had experience at sea. A large number of them have been the masters of old-time clippers. Captain Arthur Hamilton Clark, who takes care of Lloyd's business at the port of New York was brought up on the sea. He was one of the commissioners in the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, and the organizer of the Marine Transportation Department of the World's Fair at Chicago. His duties, and the duties of all other agents of Lloyd's in large ports, are to superintend repairs of vessels in which the underwriters are interested, to appraise damages, to employ surveyors, to approve accounts, and to report immediately to "Lloyd's of London" the moment accidents occur to any ship in his district.

When the big American line steamship *St. Paul* ran aground in a dense fog on the Jersey beach near the lower end of Long Branch, before daylight on January 25, 1896, Captain Clark got word of it at four o'clock in the morning; he cabled instantly to London, and Lloyd's was in possession of the news at 8:30 A. M. The *St. Paul* had been indulging in a spurt of speed with the swift Cunarder *Campania*, which in moderate weather is nearly a knot faster than the American ship; she got far out of her course, missing the Fire Island light, and drove up on the sands of the Jersey coast. She was held in the embrace of the shelving beach for ten

No 4
S-S LEONA
Burned
at
PIER 20.
EAST
RIVER
Oct. 5,
1900



No's 1-2-3
Views of
S-S Bremen
on fire
June 30,
1900



days. The *Campania* was also reported to have touched bottom by an observant life saver patrolling the beach. Her commander and her agents declared that this was not so, but she undoubtedly came within view of folks along the shore. In the cargo of the *St. Paul* were one and a quarter millions in gold consigned to a firm in New York. It was essential that this should be landed. Arrangements were made with the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company to have the stranded liner hauled off. She and her cargo, including the gold, were heavily insured. After it was found that it was going to be very difficult to float the big ship, the consignees of the gold, who needed it in their business, appealed to Captain Clark as Lloyd's agent to have it landed. It remained aboard the vessel three days; the fact of it being there rendered the underwriters liable for a heavier tax in the event of the vessel being floated. Naturally, the American line did not make any strenuous efforts to have the bullion discharged, and just as naturally Lloyd's were anxious to get it off as quickly as possible; for in the event of a storm arising and causing the destruction of the ship, the gold would have added so much more to the loss of the underwriters. Captain Clark chartered a steamer and offered to take charge of the gold and land it. Thereupon the captain obtained a promise that the gold would be landed immediately. Thus the underwriters were relieved of the further risk and expense of floating the stranded ship. The gold was transferred to the lighter *Haggerty* down a sagging shute-suggestive stretch of canvas in bags, kegs and boxes. Twelve men armed with revolvers guarded the treasure as it was transferred from a pier to a truck and taken to a vault in Wall street. The award of \$166,000 for salvage service in the case of the *St. Paul* was the largest ever obtained in an Admiralty Court. The *St. Paul* was aground ten days. It was said that she had not a plate bent or a rivet started.

There is a philanthropic side to the corporation of Lloyd's. Whenever they hear through any of their vast army of agents of any deed of heroism on the deep they immediately communicate with the hero or heroine and commemorate the deed by striking off a medal which is presented to the one who has earned it. The Committee of Lloyd's has a standing advertisement in *Lloyd's Weekly Shipping Index*, requesting all captains who may call at British ports to "communicate any information concerning any

wreck or vessel in distress, or making a long passage, to Lloyd's agent at the first port of call. The value of such intelligence is great, and it may be sufficient to remind captains how often such news may be the means of conveying to the wives and families of officers and crews the assurance of the safety of their husbands or fathers."

At an office on the ground floor of the Royal Exchange, Lloyd's answers, free of charge, all sorts of inquiries from the wives, other relatives, or the sweethearts of sailors anxious about the cruise of poor Jack, or desirous of finding out where his ship may be. There is a list kept by which the whereabouts of any British vessel may be found in a twinkling. An important book is the "Captain's Register," containing the biography of more than 30,000 commanders in the merchant service of Great Britain. Another volume not high in favor with the underwriters is called the "Black Book," in which missing and wrecked ships are recorded. Lloyd's publishes what is practically a list of all the merchant vessels of the world, measuring one hundred tons or more. It is called "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping," and it tells all about every seagoing craft worth mentioning, giving her tonnage, dimensions and the name of her captain and owner.

One of the most remarkable cases of a vessel being posted as missing and then turning up was that of the sky sail clipper *T. F. Oakes*, the first American iron square-rigger ever launched. She left the port of Hongkong on July 4, 1896, for New York. Her usual time from China to Sandy Hook was about 120 days. After she had been out about 250 days, and was not reinsurable, she was posted. Her agents had given her up as lost and the relatives of her skipper, Captain Edward W. Reed and his wife, who accompanied him on the voyage, had gone into mourning. The nautical world was startled when on Monday, March 22, 1897, the old iron ship appeared in the port of New York, 260 days out of Hongkong. She brought as grewsome a yarn of storm and calm and sickness as was ever spun in fore-castle or cabin. The missing ship came in tow of the oil-carrying steamship *Kasbek*, which sailed from Philadelphia on March 13th deep laden for Fiume. When she was about 300 miles southeast of Sandy Hook one of her officers who was on the bridge saw a blue light gleaming through the frosty air, thick with spindrift. The tank bore down toward the signal, and when

she was within hailing distance of the *Oakes*, Captain Muir, who had been summoned from his cabin, shouted across the troubled sea, "Heave to, you are moving too fast for us!" A feeble voice returned this strange answer:

"We can't do it; send a boat to us."

The *Oakes* was on the starboard tack, pitching into the swells with only her fore, main and mizzen lower topsails set. Captain Muir lowered a boat with three men in charge of Chief Officer Helsham. The scant sail of the clipper forced her barnacled hull through the seas at less than two knots, and the muscular oarsmen of the tank, by hard rowing, were able to overhaul her within half an hour. Before dawn Helsham was alongside. A voice from the ship said, "We want a tow."

"What do you want to pay?" Helsham asked. Then the voice, which was that of Second Mate Abrams, responded: "We'll settle that by arbitration; six of our crew are dead, twelve are sick in the fok's'le and only two of us can move about ship." Helsham returned to the *Kasbek*, reported the

clipper's condition to Captain Muir, who shouted to the *Oakes* "We'll stand by you."

The British sailors got out a nine inch manila hawser and bent it on a two-and-a-half inch line. The line was passed through a hawser pipe astern and got afoul of the propeller. About 150 fathoms of it spun and slashed around the propeller blades, and the outboard part of the tail shaft. The propeller was jammed and the engines came to a stop before Chief Engineer Stevens could shut off steam. The tank was to windward of the square-rigger and drifted directly into her course. The chief engineer tried to start the ship again by using the auxiliary turning engine, which broke down. The iron prow of the *Oakes* would have pierced the hull of the *Kasbek* if her sailormen had not hoisted on her three pole masts fore-and-aft sails, which she used in emergency. As it was, there was only a boat's length between the two ships when the *Kasbek* backed out of the *Oakes*' course. The tank was helpless about eight hours. A westerly gale sprang up and the *Oakes* vanished below the horizon. The chief engi-



The Royal Exchange Assurance Building, London, in Which Are the Main Offices of Lloyd's. The Bank of England is on the Left.

neer uncoupled the propellor shaft and forced it aft until the propellor boss was clear of the stern post. He and his men had been unable to free from the tail shaft the two and one-half inch line, which had been jammed about it. After uncoupling the propellor shaft there was a space of about an inch between the separated flanges of the couplings, and into this space the chief engineer fitted pieces of tough oak; the shaft was thus made an inch longer and that inch was enough to loosen the line on the tail shaft. It was practically adding a wooden section to the shaft. The engines were started and the *Kasbek's* captain decided to save the old clipper if he could. He came in sight of her late in the afternoon. A gale permeated with snow was howling out of the north. It was too rough to launch a boat and the *Kasbek* stood by the crippled ship nearly two days. The sea had subsided somewhat, and the port light boat was loaded with flour, tapioca, potatoes, lime juice, whiskey and medicine. The *Kasbek's* steward gave up all his provisions. Captain Muir had surmised that there was scurvy on the ship, and this prompted him to send the antidotes. As Chief Officer Helsham said later, "The only able seaman I found aboard the *Oakes* was Mrs. Reed, the wife of the captain."

Captain Reed said that every soul except his wife was sick with scurvy, of which five seamen had died.

He himself was only slightly ill. The second mate's legs and feet were swollen nearly twice their normal size, and he and the third mate were unable to go aloft. The Chinese steward was too weak to work ship, and a good deal of the labor had fallen on the skipper's vigorous wife, who is a lineal descendant of the Revolutionary heroine, Mollie Stark. She did almost everything except go aloft. Her chief duty was at the wheel. The *Kasbek's* men were made sick by the spectacle in the *Oakes'* forecabin. Twelve utterly helpless men lay in their bunks in various stages of delirium. Some had lost all their teeth. They were nursed by the sailors of the *Kasbek* until the ship got into Sandy Hook. The *Kasbek's* able seamen furled the old clipper's sails and she was taken in tow. After she got into quarantine Captain Reed, his wife and those of his men who were able to talk, spun the yarn of the hapless ship's protracted voyage. When she sailed from Hongkong her crew were in good health. The skipper was recovering from a paralytic stroke. This affected his tongue, and he was unable to

talk so his men could readily understand him. He gave his orders to his wife, who has a good deep sea voice, and she in turn gave them to the men. In the China Sea the ship was struck by two typhoons which blew her out of her course. Captain Reed had intended to sail by way of the Cape of Good Hope, but he was so far off his course that he decided to make for the Horn. He had very little lime juice and vegetables, but plenty of "salt horse." He had expected to make the whole voyage inside the time it took him to reach Cape Horn. Light airs and calms held him back. He lost his Chinese cook by pneumonia, and in December, 1896, scurvy broke out in the forecabin. Seaman Thomas King died of it on December 26th. Thomas Olsen succumbed in January. Thomas Judge died on February 17th. He wrote a letter in his delirium in which he said that he believed the captain was giving the seamen something to make them swell up, and he believed that the mate and the young Chinaman aft knew something about it. Mate Steven G. Bunker and Seaman George King also died in February. On March 1st only the skipper, his wife and the second and third mates were able to work. The wife kept the log, as neither of the mates was able to write because of swollen hands. A brisk gale sprang up, and the crippled mates went aloft to furl the main top-sail. Captain Reed's wife said that at this period of the voyage she began her hardest work. "The captain came to me," she said, in telling the marine reporters her experience, "and asked me to take the wheel while he helped those on deck. I did so. It was bitterly cold, and I was not prepared for the weather, but I stuck to the wheel until my husband came aft and relieved me until I could go below and get a big ulster of his to wrap myself in. I was steadily at it that day from 7 o'clock until noon. I was pretty tired before I was relieved. I went back to the wheel after I had a little rest and something to eat."

Mrs. Reed worked gallantly for the helpless sailors, making broths and gruels of oatmeal for them. They begged for salt meat, but as that would have added to their illness, they were not allowed to have it.

Lloyd's agent in New York read of the heroism of the skippers' wife and found that the story was not exaggerated. Lloyd's decided that the heroism was worthy of recognition so they authorized Captain Clark to send her a medal.



THE RAG DOLL

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY EUGENE WOOD

IN the last few precious minutes that remained before bedtime little Elsie Erick sat nursing the sole surviving member of her family. Tragic indeed had been the various fates of the others; but hardly less tragic was the aspect of Mary Christmas, so named because she was born on Christmas Day. Mary was totally bald and the top of her poor head seemed to have been sliced off. But that was not the worst, for her lovely eyes that used to shut when she went by-by had dropped out, and of her four limbs only one hand was serviceable. Elsie laid the cripple in her lap and contemplated its eyeless visage. Her mother was darning and Robbie was doing his homework at the kitchen table. They kept only one fire going now, though it was quite cold weather. When pa got back from New York they were going to have a fire in the sitting-room, and maybe sometimes in the parlor. Ma said so.

"Sposun," ventured the little girl, "sposun I was a good girl and helped you with the dishes and set the table, don't you reckon Santy Claus 'ud bring me a new doll? I don't believe I'll ever raise Mary Christmas."

"Well, I don't know, Elsie," said Mrs. Erick; "seems like as if Santy Claus wasn't comin' 'round this year." The boy looked up quickly from his studies and cleared his throat to attract his mother's attention.

"Aw, why not, ma? Why won't he come?"

"Well, I don't know jist exactly, but——" Mrs. Erick turned and saw Bob scowling and shaking his head at her. She changed her tune. "But then, mebby if you're reel good he'll come."

"Oh, sure he will!" cried Bob, with great vivacity. "I seen signs of him everywhere down town."

Then with a swift change of tone he complained: "Ma, ain't it 'most her bedtime? I got all this homework to do and she bothers me."

"I'll go right now, if ma'll tell me all about Santy Claus while she's undressun me," volunteered Elsie, eager to begin being good. So was told again the old story

about the little, old "pussy" man with the red nose and the white whiskers that likes good children and brings them pretty playthings in his sleigh with the reindeer hitched up to it.

"And what does he say when he wants them to git ep?" demanded Elsie.

"He says: 'Git ep, Blixen! Git ep——' I forget what the other one's name is——"

"Pa knows, don't he?"

"Yes, pa knows. And then when they——"

"I woosht my pa was here so's he could tell me what the other one's name is; don't you, ma?"

"Yes, honey, I do so. Oh, me! And then the reindeer jingle their bells and——"

"And stomp their footses!"

"Yes, and stomp their feet and away they go to another house."

"I should think they'd fall down in the—— ah—ah—oh—cracks between the houses."

"Well——ah——" This was a difficulty that Mrs. Erick was not prepared for. But Bob came to the rescue. Apparently immersed in a problem about three men mowing a meadow of 2 23-47 acres in a day and a half; how long would it take five men to mow a meadow, etc., etc., he quickly interjected: "They're goin' so fast, Elsie, they can't fall."

"Oh," accepted Elsie. It was all right if Robbie said so. "Go on, ma. An' nen what?"

"And then when he gets up to the top of this other house he says, 'Wo-o-o-o, Blixen! Wo-o-o-o——' I forget the other one's name."

"Pa knows; don't he?"

"Yes, pa knows. Now, *don't* double your foot up that way or I'll never get your shoe off. And they stop and he looks to see what little girl lives there and whether she's been good or not. And if she's been good, then he brings her——" Mrs. Erick looked up at the boy. He nodded— "Then he brings her a dolly, and candy, and, oh! I don't know what all."

"Dishes?"

"Yes, dishes and a picture book, mebby, and, oh! lots of things."

"And a Christmas tree?"

The mother hesitated a moment, but plunged ahead recklessly. "I 'spect so. And if she's naughty and don't mind her ma— Now, your other arm. Oh, Elsie-yah! How'm I goin' to ever get your nightie on with you a-actun that way? Now hold your arm right."

"And if she's naughty," prompted Elsie.

"And if she's naughty, then he don't leave nothin but a great big lump o' coal in her stockun."

"Oh, ma!" cried the child, excited by the advent of a new thought. "Sposun I was reel, awful naughty and said bad words like the boys does an' nen he'd leave a gray, gray big lump o' coal an' nen we could burn it in the stove, couldn't we? 'Cause we're 'most out o' coal, ain't we, ma? And Mr. Biddle said he wasn't goin' to bring us any more till you give him some money; didn't he, ma?"

"Sh! You mustn't talk about it. Now, don't you go and tell anybody about that, will you?"

"No'm." Elsie seemed troubled.

"Didn't you tell somebody? Didn't you, now? Who did you tell? You know I'll find out, because every time you do anything naughty a little bird comes and whispers it to me, so you might as well tell me now. Who was it? Janey Pettitt?"

"No'm."

"Now, tell me the truth. Who was it, then?"

"Janey Pettitt's ma. I didn't go to be naughty, mamma. Truly, I didn't. I was over there playun with Janey and I said, wasn't it nice to have a fire in the settun-room, and Janey's ma she says: 'W'y, don't you have a fire in your settun-room?' And I says, 'No, ma'm. On'y in the kitchen, 'cause we're prett' near out o' coal,' and I told her that when my pa got back from New York we's goin' to git in some more coal."

"My Lord!" groaned Mrs. Erick.

"I didn't know it was naughty, mamma," whimpered Elsie. "I didn't go to be bad. You won't whip me, will you, mamma? I won't never do so no more if you won't whip me this time."

"No, honey," said the mother, rocking the child in her arms. "No, no. Only you mustn't tell things that way."

"Cain't you git her to bed?" demanded Bob, seemingly exasperated beyond the power of flesh and blood to bear. "How do you reckon I'm ever goin' to git this home-work done, with you a—"

"Kiss Robbie good-night," said Mrs. Erick, and the child put her arms about her brother's neck.

"Ma'll have to carry her great big girl, 'cause it's cold on the floor for her 'ittle bits o' footses," cooed the mother, taking up Elsie in her arms, and passing into the arctic severity of the next room. When Mrs. Erick returned and stood warming herself at the kitchen stove, Bob spoke up imperiously: "What did you want to go and tell her Santy Claus wasn't comun for?"

"Well, Robbie, what else could I tell her? I don't see how we're goin' to be able to get her a *thing*, not one single thing, and I thought it was best not to raise her expectations. Poor child! It'll about kill her if she don't get sumpun. She made me tell it to her all over again about Santy Claus after she got in bed."

The boy drew in a long breath. He was trying to think what a fellow eleven years old could do to earn a little money. "Oh, well," he said, just like his father, "we'll fix it some way."

For the thousandth time, Mrs. Erick began: "If there was sumpun't I could do. I'd take in washuns if I was able."

The boy snorted in scorn. "Yes," he said, "you'd look pretty takun in washuns."

"I wouldn't mind what folks would say. I could stand that, but Robbie, I'm not able to. Now that's jist the pine-blank facts. It's every bit and stitch I can do with you a-helpun me to do our own washun and ironun, packun in them heavy buckets of water from the cistern and liftun the boiler on and off and turnun the wringer and then hangun out the clothes and takun in 'em in ag'in all froze stiff as boards, and when I git through I'm jist done out, and then there's the ironun. And to go 'round beggun people to gimme their wash, I jist couldn't do it, Robbie. Now. I ain't used to it."

They sat silent a long while, then the mother sighed: "I woosh't your pa'd come back or send some word or sumpun. I jist cain't stand it any longer."

"I wonder why he don't write."

"I don't know; I don't know. I'm afraid sumpun terrible has happened to him away off there among strangers. If he should take sick they'd carry him off to a hospital most likely, and the good land knows what they'd do to him there. Them doctors is all the time tryun expeeriments on folks to see what's in their insides."

The boy's eyes bulged and his jaw dropped. He tried to think what a hospital must be

like and what they did to people they got hold of. There was a picture in Fox's Book of Martyrs where they were pulling a man apart on a rack. If they did that to his pa, when he got to be a man he would go and shoot them.

"If anything should happen to him, I'd jist give up," said Mrs. Erick. "I lay awake nights thinkun how mebbly somebody has toled him up an alley somewheres and then knocked him on the head to git hold of his papers and things, and all about how to make that susbtitute for rubber."

"Well, but, ma, it's patented," objected the boy.

"Yes, and sposun they stole the patent away from him, then what?" The boy did not know. He had not thought how perils grabbed at you from behind every corner in the wicked city of New York. His mother had.

"Pa said he wasn't goin' to let anybody get the best of him this time," he declared, stoutly.

"Yes, that's what he said when him and Frank Ellwanger went in cahoots on that turbine wheel patent, and Frank Ellwanger jist acted like a dirty dog and euchered your pa out of it, slick as a whistle, and he's makun money hand over fist out o' your pa's invention, and all your pa's got to show for it's that law suit that's jist et up every cent your Grandpa Erick left him, and all he made out of his other patents. Don't you never be an inventor, Robbie?"

"Is it worse than drinkun, ma?"

"Well, it's jist about as bad."

The boy was troubled. When he read the lives of great men in the Ohio School Library, it made him feel proud that his father was an inventor like them. "Well," said he, "how come they praise these inventors up so like everything?"

"Oh, it's all very nice when they succeed, but look at us. Here we are. We ain't got a thing left, and we're head over heels in debt. This house that your Grandpa Lybarger bought me is mortgaged, and the piano is sold, and every last stick and stitch we could spare was sold and all the money we could borry, rake and scrape the best way we could, to get that old substitute for rubber perfected so it 'ud be cheap to manufacture and equal in elasticity to the best Para——"

"And it is, too," bragged Bob; "that ball o' mine that pa made for me, it jist bounces—— Gee! how it bounces! Better than them balls you buy."

"And a non-conductor of electricity and

all like that, and then his expenses to New York and livun there while he gits them capitalists interested. I don't begrudge him puttun up in style at the Mills Hotel, because he's got to be down town handy to business, and he's got to make some kind of a showun, but I tell you it's pretty tollable hard when we can't even buy a spool o' thread at Galbraith's nor no place, and the coal man's shut down on us gittun any more coal, and the grocery man likely to any day, and if we was to git down sick I don't know what we'd do, for I ain't got no money to pay a doctor, and I don't know Mr. Case, the drug store man, only when I see him, and I couldn't ask him to let us have medicine on tick, and we're goin' around with the clothes jist droppun off of us, and you need a new pair o' pants the worst way; them you got on is jist patched till I'm ashamed to see you goin' to school lookun the way you do, and you reely ought to have a new pair o' shoes——"

Something in Bob rebelled as this catalogue of woes went pindling along. He cried out: "Well, they's no use bawlun about it. That don't do no good. We jist got to make the best of it till pa comes home. That's all they is to it."

The sudden, manly peremptoriness of the lad made his mother look at him and something like hope sprang up in her heart. Half the trouble with her was that she missed a man about the house, somebody to take command. Old 'Squire Lybarger had petted her as long as he lived, and Jim Erick had relieved her of every possible responsibility. She did not know what it was to be without a boss.

"What we got to think about," said Bob, "is how we can fix up sumpun for Elsie so she'll have a nice Christmas. Don't you s'pose you could rig up a rag doll that ud be right pretty?"

"Why, yes, I reckon I could. I got the wig off of Mary Christmas put away. She don't know I found it. And I got a whole lot o' nice pieces in my rag bag."

"Well, now, you cut out the body and I'll get some bran and we'll stuff it, and we can mark the eyes and nose with pen-and-ink, and we'll take some o' that red ink o' pa's and make the lips red. Say, how'd it do to sew beads on for eyes?"

They talked a long while about making the doll, and all the time that they were apparently thinking only of Elsie, each was casting about for a way to make the other a present. The greater blessing that comes

from giving rather than receiving stole upon their hearts and healed the bruises that the buffetings of fortune had left.

Its peace had not passed away the next morning when, after Bob had gone to school, Mrs. Erick went up into the attic to see if she could not get enough out of those old gray trousers of Jim's to make a pair of knee pants for Robbie. In searching through them, she found a silver quarter. Well, sir! And she had thought there was not a cent in the house. Why, she could get them both a present now, some kind of a picture book for Elsie and something for Robbie, she didn't know just what. She would have to look around and price things. Rummaging through the rag bag, she found an old four-in-hand tie of Jim's. She could cut that up and make a butterfly tie for Robbie that would look right nice. Not let him know about it and surprise him!

"Mamma!" called Elsie up the stairway. "Here's the grocery boy come for the order."

There was something chilly about the way the young man looked over her head as he nodded good-morning to her and let his jaw drop as if he had just sampled some butter and was trying to think whether it was Mrs. Kanaga's or Mrs. Wilson's. He took her order and put the book in his outside pocket. Then he seemed to search for something in his inside pocket, slowly winking his eyes and twisting his tongue sidewise between his teeth. She knew what it was, the bill. Apparently he had mislaid it, so he looked into his fur cap and said, after he had cleared his throat: "Mr. Littell, he told me to ast you if you couldn't let him have a little on that bill o' yours. I dunno what I done with it." He began to fumble again.

Her Christmas joy fled. She managed to stammer: "Why, I can't jist now, tell him. I look for Mr. Erick home now 'most any day, and when he comes he'll settle up everything. We mean to pay every cent we owe."

"Yessum." His lids drooped and fluttered and he tasted again and let his jaw drop. He seemed to think of whistling, but changed his mind and asked: "Mr. Erick doin' right well down to York?"

"Well, when he last wrote he expected to close up the business in a few days."

"Um. When did you hear from him last?"

Mrs. Erick's cheeks flamed and her eyes fell. "About a month ago," she said.

"Um," said the grocer's clerk and nerved himself. "Well-ah, Mr. Littell told me to tell you that-ah if you thought you couldn't

pay anything on the bill—you see, it's ben runnun quite a good while now, and they haint ben nothun paid on it sence 'way 'long back in August—and bein's as he wants to take a invoice first of the year, why-ah, he'll let the account go till the last o' the month, and if you couldn't pay by *then*, why-ah, mebby you better—ah-he-ugh!—mebby you better not go on any longer with him. He'd be sorry to lose your trade, but-ah, he thinks that's the best way. And, please, couldn't you go a little light between now and then." The clerk smiled a tradesman's smile. Mrs. Erick felt the room whirl a little, but she caught hold of the kitchen table and steadied herself. The clerk opened the door and stood in it a moment. "Nice seasonable weather we're havun'," he said airily. "Well, good-morning, Miss' Erick," and closed the door behind him. He went around the kitchen and down the walk to the delivery wagon, whistling as if he did not feel like a sheep-killing dog.

"Son of a gun!" he said as he sprang in. "Ck! Ck! Ck! Git ep, Dollay! He's jist run away an' left her; ain't no two ways about it. He'll never come back in Christ's world."

The blow had fallen at last. Mrs. Erick sat down gasping. She was as weak as water. She looked around at Elsie, playing all by herself with her crippled dolly and singing blithely, all unconscious that now hunger as well as cold menaced the home. It cut the mother to the heart to see the child. Well, after New Year's she would have to go to the township trustees for relief, would have to go and sit there, waiting for her turn with a shawl over her head, and a basket on her arm and beg for an order for a half ton of coal and five dollars' worth of groceries. Well, she'd stand it before she'd ask any of the neighbors for a bite. She knew what people were in a town like Minuca Center; if they did one "formed hait" for a body out of charity they never got done talking about it. She wasn't going to have them tell it all around town how *they* had to give Lizzie Lybarger and her young ones something to eat to keep them from starving. She wondered how her pa would feel if he was alive and could see the way she was. She began to cry, less for herself than for the supposititious sorrows of her father.

But what hurt her the most was something she dared no more let herself think of than the grocer's clerk dared let himself speak of before her, though she divined what was in his mind, the fear that her husband had run

off and left her. She knew it was not so; that if ever a man loved his wife and family it was Jim Erick. But why didn't he answer her letters? Why hadn't he written to her for six weeks?

Elsie had breathed on the frozen pane and scraped a clear place so that she could look through for Robbie. He was late to dinner.

"Here he comes!" she cried at last. "Why, ma, what makes him walk so funny?"

Mrs. Erick began immediately to worry lest he had hurt his foot some way, but he explained it the moment he burst in at the door, red-cheeked and snuffing from the cold air. "Well, ma," he cried as he came in with a queer hop-and-go-fetch-it gait. "I been and gone and done it this time for sure." He held up his foot and showed where the sole of his shoe had partly come off. Poor shoes! They had been patched and re-patched, half-soled and heeled till there was no more money to cobble them with. "See it laugh, Elsie!" And he wiggled the loose leather for her delight. "My foot is jist sockun wet," he said to his mother.

"You take your shoes right off," she commanded, "and put your feet in the oven and git 'em dry; I don't want you down sick. Elsie, you run git me the big needle and the spool o' black thread. That coarse thread. Mebby I can fix it. What's the matter with your face, Robbie?"

"Oh, nothun. Say," he whispered, "did you git anything done on her doll?"

"No, I hain't had time. Why, it's quite a scratch. Whatch ben doin', Robbie Erick? You've ben fightun agin, ain't you?"

Bob was guiltily silent.

"And you promised me you wouldn't. Don't you feel ashamed o' yourself?"

"No'm." And Bob had the effrontery to look his mother in the eye.

"You don't? Why, Robbie? Do you think it was right to do that way after you promised you wouldn't?"

"Yessum."

Mrs. Erick was aghast. As if she hadn't enough to put up with!

"Do it ag'in, too, the next time he ever dast to say that. But he won't; Bunt Rogers won't, betchy. Whad do you think? We was comun out o' school, and Bunt Rogers and a whole lot more of 'em commenced to holler-un' Rubber! at me. That ain't the 'rubber' they say when a fellow's too nosey. They was teasun me about pa. And I says: 'Don't you make fun o' my pa.' And Bunt Rogers, he says: 'Ah, yer pa!' Jist like that. 'He

ain't yer pa,' he says, 'not now no more. He ain't never comun back. He's run off and left you. Hee-ee!' And I went up clost to him and I says: 'You're a liar and a son of a gun, and you dassent take it up.' And he says: 'I dass, too,' he says. 'No, you dassent,' I says. 'Take it up then, why don't you? I double dare you.' And he made a pass at me, and that's what gimme the scratch. It don't hurt a bit. And then I socked him one right spang on the nose—tee-hee-hee!—with my left and then I swung with my right, like I seen the men do when they're boxun down to Mr. Perkypile's blacksmith shop, and I caught him right in under the chin and when I come down agin I raked him on the ear. And jist then the principal come out and the boys all hollered: 'Cheese it!' and we run and he was bellerun how he'd tell his ma on me, and he was bleedun like a stuck pig, and I caught my foot on a pile o' snow and ripped the sole loose, and got a lot o' snow inside, and I guess they won't nobody dass to say my pa's run away and left us. Not Bunt Rogers, anyways."

He furtively sucked a skinned knuckle and regarded his mother. She stood amazed, her mind a whirl of emotions, horror, that her Robbie should engage in a street brawl, shame that people should be talking about them, for of course, the children were only repeating what they had heard their elders say, and gloating joy that her champion had so discomfited the slanderer.

"Say, I'm awful hungry!" protested Bob. "Aw, you can't get that needle through that leather, I tell you. . . ." He thought a moment. "I got a scheme that's better'n that. Put the shoe in the oven and let it git good and dry. Oh, don't you worry. I'll fix it. I got a scheme. Oh, Elsie! You ought to saw what I seen downtown." And he launched into the most enchanting tale of the splendors of the shop windows.

After dinner he hopped over to Lester Pettitt's and knocked on the back door.

"How do, Mr. Pettitt," he said. "I come over to ast if you wouldn't please and let me have some o' your tire tape."

"Got a puncture, Bob?"

"Well, a kind of a one," grinned Bob, displaying the dangling sole. "I ain't got time to git it fixed to the shoemaker's before school takes up."

"I hedog my rigguns if you ain't your daddy's boy all over," laughed Mr. Pettitt, as he handed Bob the tire tape and watched him bind the sole fast to the upper by winding the adhesive strip tightly about the foot.

He looked at Mrs. Pettitt, then at the boy and lifted his eyebrows inquiringly. She nodded. "Gee!" said Mr. Pettitt. "You got quite a sizable understanding, ain't you? They'll have to call you Big-foot Bob. What size do you wear? Fives! Oh, you get out. Eights you mean. I bet you got a bigger foot than I have. Well, now, less measure. Putch foot down on this piece o' paper. That's the way to tell, not holdun your foot alongside o' mine. Now I'll mark around it so . . . and then I'll cut it out so . . . and then I'll try it on my foot so."

"A-a-ah! I knowed my foot wasn't as big as yours," exulted Bob.

"Well, I guess you're right," admitted Mr. Pettitt, apparently much abashed by his failure to gauge the size of feet. "Say, that tire tape looks kind o' funny. Janey, hand Mr. Erick that bottle o' shoe dressun. Kind o' paint it up a little. Understand you're pretty good at paintun, specially the noses of fellers 'at tries to run down your pa. Eh, how is that?"

Bob was scarlet. He had nothing to say. He was very busy fixing his shoe.

"Well, I'm awful sorry about that fight, Bob, awful sorry," said Mr. Pettitt sadly, and added—"that I wasn't there to see it. Whaled him good, they tell me. Did you? Eh, good for you. Bigger'n you, too, ain't he? Some, eh? Well, you're a dandy. Now look here, Bob. Let me tell you sumpun. It's very bad for little boys to fight in the street—and git licked. Don't you never do it. And there was sumpun else I was goin' to tell you. Now, what was it? Mercy me, I'm gittun so forgetful and childish-like here lately I do' know what's goin' to become o' me. Oh, yes, I know. Here's a quarter. Oh, you gotta keep it. I'll be mad if you don't, hoppun mad. You ain't never seen me when I was reel mad. Oh, I'm a terror. Ain't I, Janey? On'y one thing I ask of you and that is, don't spend it for liquor. You're goin' my way, I believe. Please can I walk on the same side of the street with the champion eleven-year-old of America? Good-by, ma; good-by, Janey."

A quarter! Hoo-ee! Now he could get Christmas presents. The silver piece in his pocket radiated a genial warmth all over his body and made every nerve thrill like when you take hold of a battery. Mr. Pettitt was such a funny man, too, and kept Bob on the giggle all the way to Center street, where their ways parted. When the boy was about to turn off to go to the Union Schoolhouse the man took his hand and said, with a

seriousness that contrasted sharply with his previous drolling: "Don't you let anybody make you think little of your daddy, Bob. They's a lot o' people around here that ain't got any souls bigger'n bird shot, and they can't appreciate him, but I tell you you want to be proud of him. He's got more brains'n this whole daggoned town put together, and more than that, he's the biggest-hearted and the whitest man that God Almighty ever made." The man squeezed the boy's hand and stood there looking at him a moment as if he were going to say something more, but he only swallowed and turned quickly away. The boy stood looking after him, and something in his heart swelled out and made him feel that he ought to try to amount to something, not only when he got to be a big man, but now, right now.

Christmas Eve, after Elsie had been got to bed and once again had heard the story of the reindeer, Bob brought down from the attic the swishing pine branch he had rescued from the alley back of the Center Street M. E. Church, where the sexton had cast it. They lashed it firmly to a chair and trimmed it with strings of threaded popcorn, rosettes of colored tissue paper and clippings of tin foil. They stood off and admired their work. It certainly did look gay. Elsie would think it lovely. Against the chair back leaned the rag doll, for she could not sit. Like the princess in the fairy books, her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks were as red as blood, and her eyebrows were as black as ink. She had on the loveliest pink dress you ever saw. Beside her was a little wooden washtub and wash board that Bob had bought and a colored picture book of Little Red Ridinghood flamed its open pages. Her mother bought that. Something must have touched Mr. Littell's heart, for he had sent up with the order that day a little bag of candy, and the ruby goodies bagged out the darned stocking pinned to the chair. Elsie would surely know that Santa Claus had come.

Each looked at the other with a knowing smile, upper teeth on lower lip, and brought forth from secret hiding places their mutual presents.

"We won't open them till morning," said Mrs. Erick, and so delightful anticipation was prolonged. For Bob was a little package that contained, the necktie and a ten-cent box of paints. He guessed that when he heard them rattle, but he knew his

mother could never guess what he had bought her with what was left from his quarter. She would like it, he knew, women were so fond of jewelry. It was a string of gilt beads. They looked exactly like pure gold.

As they stood there in the resinous fragrance of the pine bough and gloating over what Elsie would say when she saw it all, they heard somebody coming up the walk. There was a knock and then the sound of fleeing feet. Mrs. Erick came back from the door with a package. In it was a pair of new shoes addressed to "Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons Erick," a knitted shoulder shawl for Mrs. Erick, and a little set of dishes for Elsie.

Mrs. Erick trembled as she undid the package. Her mouth worked and her eyes glistened.

"I don't see as they's anything to cry about," exulted Bob. "The shoes is jist right for me."

The mother could not speak for a moment. Then she said: "I'm so glad that Elsie got them dishes. She wanted them the worst way."

She heard Bob say his prayer and tucked him in. She bent over Elsie in her crib to see if she were covered up warm. The child finched from the light and murmured, "Blixen——" and the mother knew that she was dreaming of the sleighful of pretty playthings and the wonderful reindeer hitched up to it.

"Pa knows," whispered Elsie, and slept on.

The mother locked up the house and stood again before the Christmas tree alone. Alone. Other years Jim had stood with her. "Pa knows," Elsie had said. Yes, pa knew how they must long for him. If he had not written, it was not because he had ceased to love them. Her faith spread out its wings and soared. Had it been so that he could be with them in the flesh he would have been. Wherever he was, alive or dead, he was thinking of them now, she knew he was. Something within her told her so, and the peace and joy of Christmas came to her.

Very early in the morning while it was yet dark a match flame flared in the sitting-

room. It showed the poor little effort at a Christmas tree. The man that held it drew his breath in quiveringly, like a grieving child, and ere the feeble blaze expired something that flashed and sparkled like a gem hung on his eyelids. He sighed, then tiptoed to the door, unlocked it and slid in the trunk that he had helped the hackman carry on the porch. From it he drew out picture-books and games, boxes of bon-bons and a doll from Paris, dressed to the nines and big as any four-year-old. He bent its joints and made it nurse the rag doll in its arms. A pair of club skates clashed in his hands. He laid them on a chair where he had spread a suit of boy's clothes. In the breast pocket was a nickel watch. He wound and set it, and his mouth puckered quizzically. He brought out a set of furs and disposed a pattern of silk so its brocade should show most bravely in the morning light. Then from an inside pocket he drew out two papers, the crown of all his effort, to achieve which he had suffered disappointment, deprivation, even hunger. The agreement for the royalty, the certified check for five figures—they were hers. It was for her he won them, her and the children. They had seen hard times together. But that was past and gone. Now—now— His hands trembled. His arms ached to hug them. God love 'em! God love 'em! The blue dawn stole in the window. A board creaked in the stillness. He looked up. She stood there, his wife, the mother of his children, she whom—

Along about church time Bob stood out in front a good while in his new clothes—twenty-six minutes, it was; he timed it—waiting for Bunt Rogers to pass.

"A-ah, ye said my pa wasn't commun back. Well, he did, see? Hear him singun in there now. Looky what he brought me from New York."

"A-a-a-ah: A old dumb watch," sneered Bunt.

"Dumb nothun! Hear it tick." And, in fact, it was possible to hear it a considerable distance.

Just then Jim Erick was asking Elsie, "Why don't you play with your new dolly?"

"I kind o' like this one the best," answered Elsie, hugging the rag doll with the bead eyes.

THE MEN THAT MAKE OUR LAWS

By L. A. COOLIDGE

THE Congress of the United States is the most interesting body of men in the world. It comes nearer to being a representative body than any other that ever existed. It is the microcosm of the Republic, presenting in concentration all the extraordinary peculiarities of the nation whose work it is selected to perform. Its average of ability is higher than that of any other parliamentary body on earth. Each of its members represents a larger constituency than is represented by any single member of a European parliament, and with very few exceptions each member is a good representative of the constituency for which he stands. Those who sneer at Congress and at Congressmen sneer at the voters who selected them. Luckily that sort of thing is going out of fashion. People are beginning to appreciate Congress for what it really is, and it is getting better all the time.

There are very few members either of the House or of the Senate who are not of native birth. To be exact, there are just sixteen Representatives and six Senators who were not born in the United States. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, curiously enough, one of the members is Henderson, the Speaker, who is a Scotchman. But he is as genuine an American as there is in the land. Considering the proportion of foreign to native-born in the United States, the percentage is insignificant, especially when it is remembered that the average member of Congress is one who has been given to mov-

ing about in the world and shifting his environment. Out of 352 members of the present House only 217 represent the states in which they were born, and of this number only a few still live in the Congressional district where they first saw light. The average Congressman is a hustler. He has been ambitious or else he would never have found his present place. That he has been successful in some measure goes without saying, and the fact that so many of them have broken away from their early surroundings, and have gained new successes in new fields, simply goes to show something of the energy and force that have helped to make the American Congress what it is.

The following table shows the number of Senators and Representatives who have been elected to Congress from the states of their birth, with the number of Senators and Representatives to which each state is entitled:



William Connell,
Representative from Pennsylvania.

Fifty years ago he was a driver-boy in the coal mines, earning seventy-five cents a day. He is now the richest man in the House and is worth over \$50,000,000.

SOUTHERN GROUP.

	Of native re- birth.	Rep- resent- atives
Alabama.....	7	11
Arkansas.....	4	8
Florida.....	2	4
Georgia.....	12	13
Mississippi.....	7	9
Louisiana.....	8	8
Kentucky.....	11	13
North Carolina.....	10	11
Tennessee.....	9	12
Texas.....	8	15
South Carolina.....	8	9
Virginia.....	10	12

NEW ENGLAND GROUP.

Connecticut.....	3	6
Massachusetts.....	9	15
New Hampshire.....	3	4
Maine.....	6	6
Vermont.....	3	4
Rhode Island.....	2	4

MIDDLE GROUP.

Delaware.....	2	3
New Jersey.....	8	10
New York.....	29	36
Pennsylvania.....	22	32
West Virginia.....	2	6
Maryland.....	6	8

WESTERN GROUP.

	Of Rep- natives re- birth. atives		Of Rep- natives re- birth. atives		
California.....	1	9	Utah.....	1	3
Illinois.....	11	24	Colorado	—	4
Indiana.....	12	15	Idaho.....	—	3
Iowa.....	3	13	Montana	—	3
Kansas.....	1	9	Nebraska.....	—	8
Michigan.....	4	14	Nevada.....	—	3
Minnesota.....	1	9	North Dakota	—	3
Missouri.....	7	17	South Dakota	—	4
Ohio.....	20	23	Washington.....	—	4
Oregon.....	1	4	Wyoming.....	—	3
Wisconsin.....	5	12			

An interesting feature of this is that the migration has been almost exclusively be-

tween the East and the West. For a Southern state to be represented by a man of Northern birth is so rare a thing as to be almost unheard of. Only two members of the present House who were not born south of Mason and Dixon's line represent Southern constituencies. One of these got his seat on a contest; the other is Wise, of Virginia, the son of the Virginia war governor, who happened to be born in Philadelphia, his mother's early home. It is not an unusual thing for a Southern man to go North and win political success. There are sixteen members of the present House who have made such a migration, and three Senators. One of the members is Cannon, of Illinois, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, who was born in North Carolina. Another is Page Morris, who was born in Virginia, and represents a Minnesota district. Another is Newlands, of Nevada, the silver magnate, who hails from Mississippi. Cullom, the veteran Illinois Senator, was born in Kentucky. Harris, the Populist Senator from Kansas, was born in Virginia and served in the Confederate army—an odd sequence as politics go. Fighting "Joe" Hawley, of Connecticut, was born in North Carolina, but that was an accident.

The oldest man in the Senate is Pettus, of

Alabama. He is probably the oldest man who ever lived. According to his own statement, he will be eighty next July. There are ten other members of the Senate who are over seventy, and one of them is Pettus' colleague, Morgan; but beside Pettus, these all seem like light-hearted boys. Hoar, Hawley, Platt, of Connecticut, Allison, of Iowa, Teller, Cullom, Jones and Stewart have all passed the age of three-score and ten, and not one of them carries the impression of being more than in the prime of life. But Pettus looks and acts as if he had been seventy ever since he was born. He is serv-

ing his first term, but he never hesitates to take the most venerable of his colleagues to task for violating Senate traditions.

The youngest member of the Senate is Marion Butler, of North Carolina. He has been in the Senate now for five years, and yet he is only thirty-seven years of age. Beveridge, of Indiana, who has just made his debut, hugs Butler close. He is the senior by a little less than a year.

The oldest member of the House is Galusha Grow, of

Pennsylvania, who dates back to 1823, and who is as splendid a physical specimen as can be found anywhere. The youngest member is Martin Glynn, of Albany, who is not quite twenty-nine years old, and who is the junior of Mitchell May, of Brooklyn, by just about two months.

There are four Senators who are under forty years of age; twenty between forty and fifty; twenty-six between fifty and sixty; twenty-four between sixty and seventy, and eleven who have passed the seventy mark. The average is nearly sixty. The average age of members of the House is forty-seven years. Four are under thirty; fifty are between thirty and forty; one hundred and forty-four between forty and fifty; ninety between fifty and sixty; twenty-eight between sixty and seventy, and just as many



Orville H. Platt,
Senator from Connecticut.

One of the men in the Senate who decide on policy and measures, and determine what shall be pushed to the front and what passed over.



Charles E. Littlefield,
Representative from Maine.

A type of the independent thinker, and one of the most effective orators in the House.

above seventy as are under thirty. The tendency is constantly to send younger men to the House and to keep older men in the Senate. In the Fifty-third Congress, for instance, only three Senators were over seventy years of

this is as true of the Senate as of the House. The idea that the Senate is a "millionaires' club" is fictitious. There are several Senators who are millionaires and others who are independently rich. That is, they

have an income outside their salaries upon which they might live—luckily for them, as the Senator or Representative who doesn't spend every cent of his salary, and something more, while in office is very rare indeed. The talk about millionaires in the Senate is largely guesswork. It must be in the nature of things, for a "millionaire" is a very vague and ill-defined creature. The lists which are sometimes published



John Dalzell,
Representative from Pennsylvania.

One of the wealthy men in the House.

age, and one hundred and forty-one Representatives were over fifty. Now eleven Senators are over seventy and only one hundred and twenty-two Representatives over fifty, although the House contains more members now than then. The following table shows the ages of Senators and Representatives respectively in the Fifty-third and Fifty-sixth Congress:

Ages.	SENATE.		HOUSE.	
	Fifty-third.	Fifty-sixth.	Fifty-third.	Fifty-sixth.
20-30.....	—	—	2	4
30-40.....	2	4	54	50
40-50.....	14	20	136	144
50-60.....	32	26	110	90
60-70.....	33	24	27	28
70-80.....	3	12	4	4
80-90.....	1	—	—	—

A Congressman is usually a man who worked his own way up in the world, and



Charles Henry Grosvenor,
Representative from Ohio.

The man who enjoys much of the confidence of the Administration.



John C. Spooner,
Senator from Wisconsin.

A noted debater and a Senate authority on constitutional law.

giving names of Senators with seven or eight figures attached, preceded by the dollar mark, are always imaginary. There is hardly a rich man in the Senate who owes his place to his money. Common repute would probably put the following in any list of Senatorial millionaires: Aldrich, Depew, Elkins, Fairbanks, Foraker, J. P. Jones,

Kean, Lodge, McMillan, Proctor, Scott, Shoup, Stewart, Turner, Wetmore and Wolcott. Common repute is mistaken in about twenty-five per cent. of this number. But even supposing that it was right, there are only two or three in the list who would not have held influential positions in the Senate even had they been poor men. Aldrich is one of the shrewdest political managers in the United States. He controls the politics

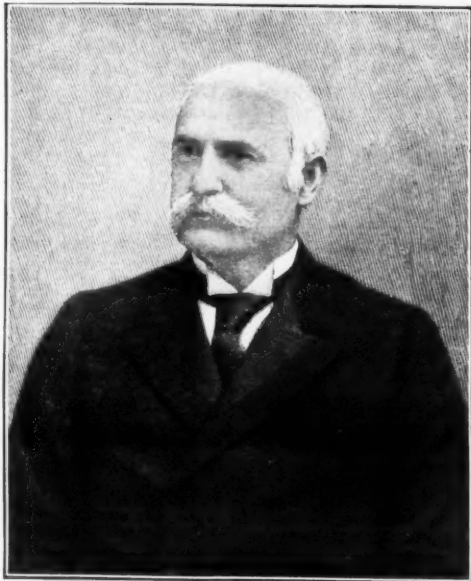
of his state by sheer ability, and most of the money he has made has been due to fortunate investments since he became a Senator. Depew is an orator of wonderful gifts, and a lawyer whose services to his party have been so great that the marvel is he was not made a Senator before. Elkins has had a national reputation as an astute political manager for the last twenty-five years. Fairbanks is the acknowledged leader of his party in his state. Foraker was a distinguished Governor of Ohio, a man of national reputation as an orator and a party leader before he was chosen to the Senate, and what money he has made was earned in the practice of his profession after he left the Governor's chair. Hale married his money after he came to Congress. When he was elected to the House he was a green country boy with hair that needed cutting and trousers that did not. He made his reputation—he is one of the ablest men in either branch of Congress—Blaine took him up and introduced him into society, and his fortune was made. It is not his money that keeps him in the Senate. It is too late now for anybody to question Hanna's political ability. He may know how to put money to good use in

politics, but he has shown sufficient executive capacity to prove that if necessary he could get along without it. Lodge is the leader of his party in Massachusetts, an orator, a scholar, and a writer as well as a political success. McMillan is the best political organizer in Michigan. Proctor was a gallant officer in the Civil War, has been Governor of his state, and Secretary of War. Turner, of Washington, is accounted one of

the most brilliant men in the Far West. Besides, he is a Populist. Wolcott, of Colorado, is a brilliant orator and a fine lawyer. He would shine anywhere, even though he had no money at all.

Aside from these who, whether rightly or wrongly, are sometimes classed among the millionaires, there is another group of Senators who are "well-to-do"—just how well-to-do it would be hard to say; but any one of them could lose his political office without missing the sal-

ary. Allison, Chandler, Cockrell, Davis, Hawley, Hoar, Lindsay, McEnery, Penrose, Perkins, the two Platts, Quarles, Simon, Spooner, Teller, Thurston, Turley, Wellington, Sewall and Warren are in this group. Doubtless there are others. Most of these men have been successful in law or in business, and the fact that they are not dependent on politics for a living is simply a tribute to their ability as displayed in their chosen careers. The talk about the Senate being a millionaires' club is midsummer silliness. To be a Senator is to have the most delightful political position which can fall to the lot of an American public man. But those who have won it have earned it by strenuous endeavor as the culmination of



Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich,
Senator from Rhode Island.

One of the shrewdest political managers in the United States.

creditable political careers. They have not bought their seats.

It has become a popular cry that members of the Senate ought to be chosen by popular vote, the plea being that the use of money in state legislatures has become a scandal resulting in the choice of men who could not look for favor at the hands of the people. As a matter of fact, there are few Senators who at some stage in their careers have not met with emphatic popular endorsement. Of the members of the present Senate twelve have been governors of states; twenty-six have been members of the House of Representatives; thirty-two have held other elective offices. For instance, Ross, of Vermont, was chief justice of his state; Chandler was speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives; Simon was president of the Oregon State Senate. There are only thirteen who never held any elective office, and only two or three of these are in the so-called "millionaire"

class. Among those who are lacking in popular endorsement are Butler, of North Carolina, the chairman of the Populist National Committee; Cockrell, of Missouri, the Democratic watchdog of the Treasury; Beveridge, of Indiana, who starting as a poor boy is a Senator at thirty-seven; Baker, of Kansas, whom no one would charge with using undue influence on the legislature; Pettus, of Alabama, the soul of integrity, and although one of the latest of Senators to be elected, one of the most jealous of ancient senatorial rights; Kyle, of South Dakota, another Populist, and Turley, of Ten-

nessee, Taliaferro, of Florida, and Chilton, of Texas.

The richest man in the House is Connell, of Pennsylvania, who has accumulated over \$10,000,000, and who has a single item of income of over \$500 a day. Connell is a coal operator—one of the largest in the United States. Fifty years ago he was working in the mines as a driver-boy at seventy-five cents a day. Closely approaching him are Levy, of New York, the owner of Monticello, who inherited his wealth, and Sprague, of Massachusetts, who acquired his by marriage. Other rich men in the House, some of whom are in the millionaire class, are Sibley, of Pennsylvania; Stewart, of Wisconsin; Hitt, of Illinois; Cannon, of Illinois; Dalzell and Adams, of Pennsylvania; Rupert, McClellan and William Astor Chanler, of New York; Babcock, of Wisconsin; Lovering, of Massachusetts; Wadsworth, of New York, and Burleigh, of Maine. It is

safe to say that a great majority of the members of the House have little besides their salaries, although there are few of them who could not earn more than their salaries if they were to retire from Congress and devote themselves to their profession.

With comparatively few exceptions, both Senators and Representatives started in life as poor boys. Perkins, of California, was a cabin boy, shipped before the mast when twelve years old, and followed the sea for twelve years. Stewart, of Nevada, was a stage-driver. Thurston, of Nebraska, supported himself as a boy in Vermont by farm work and by driving teams.



William Eaton Chandler,
Senator from New Hampshire.

As a debater he is more feared than any man in the Senate.

Needham, of California, was born in an emigrant wagon somewhere in Nevada. He is one of the youngest members of the House. Adamson, of Georgia, worked on a farm and hauled goods and cotton. Lorimer, of Illinois, who, while still under forty, is supreme in the Republican politics of



Charles Warren Fairbanks, (on the right,) Senator from Indiana.

The acknowledged leader of his party in his state.

Chicago, was a bootblack and a car-driver. Cusack, of Illinois, was a sign-painter. Smith, of Illinois, worked his way through college from a blacksmith shop. Robinson, of Indiana, was a newsboy and worked in a shop from the time he was fifteen till he was twenty. Haugen, of Iowa, began to earn his own living at fourteen, and when he was eighteen had bought a farm. Hepburn, of Iowa, was a printer. So were Heatwole, of Minnesota; Young, of Pennsylvania, and Amos Cummings, of New York. Weeks, of Michigan, had to buy books and study law through the intervals of teaching school. Brownlow, of Tennessee, earned his own living when ten years old. He was a tinner and a locomotive engineer. De Graffenreid, of Texas, was a brakeman. Otjen was foreman in a rolling mill. Mercer, of Nebraska, taught school, clerked in a store, worked on a farm and edited a newspaper. Robinson, of Nebraska, worked as a mechanic in a hinge factory. Gardner, of New Jersey, was a waterman. Daly, of the same state, was a moulder by trade. Spalding, of North Dakota, left home at eleven to earn his own living. Ryan, of

Pennsylvania, was employed about the coal mines as a mule-driver. Graham, of Pennsylvania, was employed in a brass foundry and enlisted at seventeen. Breazeale, of Louisiana, clerked in a dry goods store while studying law. Wheeler, of Kentucky, worked on a farm summers and attended school winters. Baker, of Maryland, worked on a farm until he was thirty-two. H. C. Smith, of Michigan, worked on a farm and in factories, and after he entered college did chores for farmers for his board, teaching school in vacation. William Alden Smith was a page in the Legislature. Tawney, of Minnesota, a leading member of the Ways and Means Committee, was a blacksmith and machinist until he began to study law. Champ Clark worked as a hired farm hand, clerked in a country store, edited a country newspaper and practiced law. So the list might be continued. The men who have made records in Congress have had to fight their way.

The most scholarly man in either branch of Congress is Senator Hoar, of Massachu-



Edmund Winston Pettus, Senator from Alabama.

The oldest man in the Senate.

setts. He has about him a literary flavor, and he is steeped in the atmosphere of the school. He is an antiquarian, a close student of the classics, a lover of polite literature. There are others who rank high as scholars, but Hoar may be taken as the type. Davis, of Minnesota; Lodge, of Massachusetts, in the Senate; Hitt, of Illinois; McCall and Gillett, of Massachusetts, and Page Morris, of Minnesota, in the House, are all men of fine literary instincts. The standard of education both in the House and in the Senate is constantly increasing. The majority of

Senators and Representatives are college-bred, and there has been a steady improvement in that direction ever since the foundation of the government. The tables which are given below shed an interesting light upon this. They show the number of college-bred men, of those with an academic and common school education, and those with limited opportunities for different Congresses—the forty-seventh, fiftieth, fifty-third and the fifty-sixth. Among college-bred men are classed all those who have had a college or university education. Graduates of professional and scientific schools—a constantly

in debate. The best debaters in the House are Cannon, of Illinois, and Moody, of Massachusetts.

Other things being equal, it is to a man's advantage in either the Senate or the House to be a lawyer, and there has never been a time when the majority of each branch did not have a legal training. At the same time some of the most effective of debaters have had no experience with the law. James G. Blaine was one of these. Samuel J. Randall was another. William E. Chandler, in the present Senate, is a good deal more of a newspaper man than a lawyer. It will proba-



George Turner,
Representative from the State of Washington.
Accounted one of the most brilliant men of the Far West.



William H. Moody,
Representative from Massachusetts.
Shares with Representative Cannon, of Illinois, the reputation for debating power in the House.

increasing number—are grouped under “academic.”

	Forty-seventh.	Fiftieth.	Fifty-third.	Fifty-sixth.
College	158	171	197	228
Academic	118	126	122	107
Common schools.....	53	71	72	68
Limited or unclassified.....	40	33	50	35
	369	401	441	438

BY PERCENTAGES.

College	42.82	42.64	44.67	52.25
Academic	31.97	31.41	27.67	24.43
Common schools.....	14.37	17.71	16.33	15.56
Limited or unclassified.....	10.84	8.34	11.33	7.76

The best debaters in the Senate are Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Spooner, of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more caustic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper

bly never happen that the predominance of lawyers, in numbers at least, will be disputed.

Another table shows the division of Congressmen by occupation in four recent Congresses, the forty-seventh, fiftieth, fifty-third and fifty-sixth:

	Forty-seventh.	Fiftieth.	Fifty-third.	Fifty-sixth.
Law	244	263	284	299
Business.....	73	69	69	86
Agricultural.....	18	27	39	20
Miscellaneous.....	34	42	49	33
	369	401	441	438

BY PERCENTAGES.

Law	66	65	64	68
Business.....	20	17	16	20
Agricultural.....	5	7	9	5
Miscellaneous.....	9	11	11	7

Among the miscellaneous occupations is classed journalism. The number of newspaper men in Congress is constantly increasing. In the present Congress are twenty-three Senators and Representatives who

have been at some time connected with the press as active newspaper men.

The political manager of the Senate is Aldrich, of Rhode Island. He is the strategist to whom all Republicans look for guidance. The Democrats have nobody to act as leader in the same way that Aldrich acts for the Republicans. Gorman, of Maryland, was the Democratic manager while he was in the Senate. It takes peculiar qualities to lead in the Senate, and men who have had wonderful success in leadership outside fall behind here.

Mark Hanna has influence because he is chairman of the Republican National Committee, and because he is supposed at times to express the preferences of the Administration. But aside from this he has no particular weight in the Senate councils. The men who decide on policies and measures and determine what shall be pushed to the front, and what passed over are men who have grown accustomed to the peculiar Senate atmosphere, and who understand the intricate ways of legislation. Aldrich is a prince among these. Others are Allison, Platt, Chandler, Lodge, McMillan and Carter.

Congress always has its funny man. Sometimes there are two or three. The funny man of this House is Private John Allen, of Tupelo. He has held the position for the past ten or twelve years. Before him was Sunset Cox, whose heart was broken because

the House would not take him seriously long enough to make him Speaker. Allen also has been handicapped by his reputation as a humorist. He is the ablest man in Mississippi, and the best known, and yet he has never been able to secure an election

to the Senate. This is Allen's last Congress, and so the place will be vacant soon. It will probably be filled by Champ Clark. When Senator Mason, of Illinois, was in the House of Representatives his reputation was that of a humorist,

and nothing else.

The average length of a career in Congress is four years. At the beginning of every Congress about one-third of the members of the House are new to the business. It is a rare thing for a member to make any sort of a mark in legislation before he has been in the House at least two full terms, and those who have forced themselves above the surface before the close of a single term can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The ordinary Congressman comes and goes and leaves no trace behind him except on the salary vouchers. The man who stays in the House for more than two

terms has a fair chance of wielding a little influence. He gets his name into the *Congressional Record* once in a while; he is recognized by the Speaker occasionally; and if he is unusually lucky the newspapers take him up and sometimes give him a headline



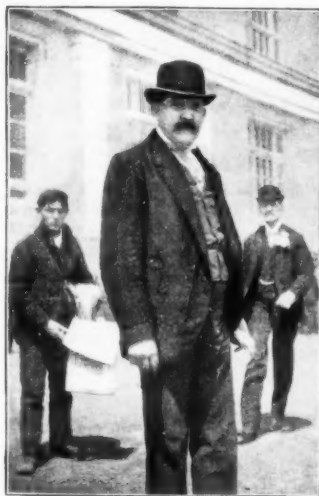
Joseph Crocker Sibley,
Representative from Pennsylvania.

One of the millionaire class in the House.



William Lorimer,
Representative from Illinois.

Although still under forty, Mr. Lorimer is supreme in the Republican politics of Chicago. He has been a bootblack and also a car-driver.



Jonathan P. Dolliver,
Senator from Iowa.

The most effective orator in the House up to the time he was transferred to the Senate.

all to himself. There are one hundred and thirty-four members of the present House who are serving their third term or better. Of these twenty-five, at a generous estimate, are so well known that their names might carry some meaning outside their own state. The work of a Congressman is thankless enough. It brings nothing in the way of money, little in the way of reputation, except in rare instances and a vast amount of drudgery. A man must be in the harness for years generally before he amounts to anything, and by the time he begins to count in legislation he has lost his enthusiasm and spirit, and becomes a pack-horse. Of the men who are

called leaders in the present House, Speaker Henderson is serving his ninth term. Joe Cannon, of Illinois, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, his thirteenth; Daltzell, of Pennsylvania, his seventh; Grosvenor, of Ohio, his eighth; Grout, of Vermont, his ninth; Hepburn, of Iowa, his seventh; Hitt, of Illinois, his tenth; Hopkins, of Illinois, his eighth; Moody, of Massachusetts, his third; Payne, of New York, his eighth; Richardson, of Tennessee, his eighth; Russell, of Connecticut, his seventh; Dolliver, of Iowa, his sixth. There are others than these who count for something in legislation, but very few whose names would stand for anything outside a Congressional Directory.

Once in a while at rare intervals there is a flash across the dull legislative sky like a meteor, and a sudden reputation is made for a new man. That was the way with Bryan when he first came to the House in the Fifty-third Congress and sprang into instant notoriety with a speech on the tariff that dazzled everybody. Littlefield, of Maine, made an even more effective stroke last winter with his argument against the unseating of the Mormon Roberts. These are the most striking examples in recent years of reputa-

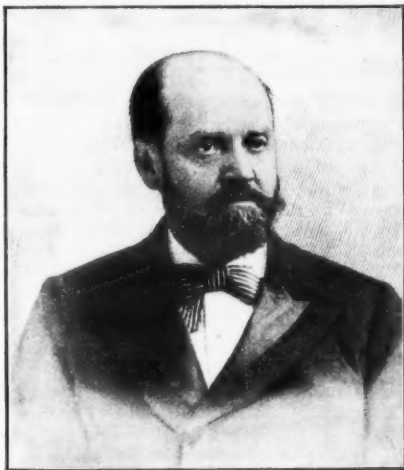
tions quickly made. Away back in the fifty-third Congress, Lafe Pence caught the House in the first week after he took his seat with a Free Silver speech. It is significant that

those who thus make a dramatic entrance in the House rarely count for much in legislation afterwards. Bryan never had any influence, and all the while he stayed in Congress he was looked on as a good talker and nothing more. Towne frittered himself away after his silver speech, and as for Lafe Pence, who had black type in the newspapers for a few days after his maiden effort, it is hard nowadays to find anybody who can remember his name.

The most finished orator in the House of Representatives is Cousins, of Iowa. He has been in Congress now for four terms, and in the eight years of his Congressional career he has made two speeches. Yet so fine were they that his reputation on account of them is national. One was half an hour in length. It was a witty and eloquent criticism of Ambassador Bayard, at the time Bayard was making himself unpopular by his pro-English remarks at London dinners. The other was less than five minutes long and was spoken after the destruction of the *Maine*. Cousins sat silent in his place for one full term before he ever opened his mouth. It is more than two years now since he last spoke. When he takes the floor again he will have an attentive audience.

The most effective orator in the House up to the time he was transferred to the Senate a little while ago was Dolliver, of Iowa. Littlefield, of Maine, Landis, of Indiana, and Bailey, of Texas, are three who have the oratorical gift.

In order to gain a conspicuous position either in the House or in the Senate a man must generally be a good talker. But it does not always follow that the silent men are without influence.



George C. Perkins,
Senator from California.

Shipped before the mast when a boy and followed the sea for twelve years.

The deserting of Sergeant Heath.

BY
W. A. FRASER.

Author of "Mooswa of the Boundaries,"
etc.



STAFF SERGEANT SAM HEATH, of the Northwest Mounted Police, was a smart officer. That was why he was sent to Athabasca Landing in charge of the small police post at that place.

Formerly an inspector had been in command, but the duties of the police being practically limited to the stoppage of liquor from crossing the Territories' line, a captain at a thousand a year was deemed rather an expensive luxury; so Sergeant Sam, who was as good as any inspector, and much cheaper, was placed in charge.

It was a dangerous office, for half the liquor interrupted *en route* was of a vile consistency—terribly overproof, and of a juvenile maturity. There was plenty of water down along the mighty "Mackenzie," so it saved freight charges to transport a condensed article of ferocious strength.

The sergeant was of an industrious disposition, and his hampered energies found expansion in making love to Minnie Latour. He was also perennially sanguine, which offset the determined opposition he met with in the course of his love-making.

Minnie would none of him; she told everybody that—the sergeant included. But a mounted police officer is supposed to succeed, no matter what the opposition; in fact, the greater the resistance he meets with the more is he expected by his superior officers to complete his undertaking.

Sergeant Sam had been sixteen years on the force, so he was no chicken—he was authority for that statement himself.

How the campaign would have ended it is difficult to say, had there been no outside interference, for the sergeant gave the maiden small chance to entrench her position. He carried on the war on proper strategical lines. He outflanked her going home from church; boldly marched up to her in

full force of highly polished boots, clanking spurs, bright red tunic and jaunty little forage cap, cocked on the southeast corner of his erect, soldierly head, in broad daylight, as she went on errands down to the Hudson's Bay store; lay in ambush for her when she took her Sunday stroll over the hill, and generally kept her in full retreat.

But one day a leaden-blue colored envelope brought him his sentence. It was an order transferring him to Calgary. There was no occult reason for it—he had not been reported for any omission of duty; it was simply that the commissioner at Regina was a bit short of work, and had run across his name accidentally while casting about for some diplomatic thing to show that he was *au fait* with the working of the force in every nook and corner.

Of course, the sergeant figured it out that somebody was jealous of him, and had written letters to the C. O., which he characterized by a string of profane adjectives calculated to describe their malicious untrustworthiness. He even knew who the somebody was, he declared. But that didn't matter; orders were orders, and he had to go.

The big black-painted police wagon, with its well-fed team of bays, and two constables in charge, came out from Edmonton bringing his relieving non-commissioned officer.

Heath and his effects were gathered into the vehicle and taken away like a bale of goods.

As he passed the Hudson's Bay Company residency, where Minnie lived with her uncle, "the factor," he stopped the rig, jumped down, and went in to say good-by.

As the wagon started on again Minnie stood in the door and waved her handkerchief derisively in piquant farewell.

"Never you fear, old girl," squeaked Sergeant Heath, "I'll soon turn up again; I'll get transferred back—but I'll come, anyway. I'll find out who's at the bottom of this business, and wring his cussed neck," he added, to his comrades.

"Perhaps the gal worked the racket," suggested one of the constables.

"Different here!" answered the sergeant. "I know the man steered me up against it good and strong, and I'll hit the back trail one of these days and lay him out."

The two constables laughed; and one of them said: "If you go worrying over a woman it'll cost you the three stripes on your arm. Better chuck it, for you've been married sixteen years to the force."

Months after, these words of the sergeant were remembered against him when a corporal was hot on his trail.

At Edmonton he left the police wagon and took train for Calgary.

"Give that black-eyed wench the go-by," one of the two constables said, as he was leaving. "You've only five years more to put in for pension, so don't make a mess of it."

At the landing, Sergeant Heath had been gay; at Calgary he was moody.

"He's brooding," the surgeon said, when some one called his attention to the change that had come over blithe Sergt. Heath. "He's brooding over something—thinks they've set him back by taking him away from his little command at the landing, I suppose."

"I think it's some wench, sir, that he knew up there," said Corporal Hagin.

The biggest stock in trade that the force has is good-fellowship, and every comrade in the troop, from inspector down, strove to make Heath's life in the barracks pleasant in lieu of what he had given up when he was transferred. They even went the length of putting up the prettiest girl in the acquaintance of the whole division to smile seductively upon the disconsolate sergeant; but their well-meant efforts seemed nigh futile, for Heath brooded and sulked and became considerable of an infernal nuisance.



—he lay in ambush for her when she took her Sunday stroll . . .

He cursed the service, the commissioner, the country, the weather, and, worst of all, took to hitting the bottle with consummate skill.

This cost him the loss of one of the three stripes on his right arm.

If he had imagined before that he had been set back, he *knew* it now—they were all in league against him.

"You're a damn fool, Heath," said Hagin, with the exuberant candor of barrack vocabulary; "it's not the old man, nor any one else in the service, but that Molly at the landing that's undoing you."

There was strong reasoning in this unconventional argument, but it stung the sergeant's liquor-quickenened sensibilities, and he promptly floored the corporal with a heavy swipe on the jaw.

There was more of this sort of thing from day to day. Irritability and brooding would soon destroy the popularity of any man in the mounted police, and Heath's friends dropped away until he was left with nothing but his much-cherished sense of wrong.

Things drifted rapidly from bad to worse. He lost the balance of his stripes, alternating between the guard-house and badly executed duty, until finally he stood just where he had started sixteen years before—a full private. Even his knowledge of the force and its ways were offset by the aftermath of intemperance he had accumulated since leaving the landing.

Then one day he disappeared. When "taps" sounded he was not in barracks; and next day a patrol failed to unearth him anywhere in the town. It was worse than self-extended leave—he had deserted.

"I'll stake a month's pay," said Hagin, "he's hit the trail back to the landing; he's that big a girl-struck fool."

A patrol of two police was sent south to the line after the deserter, and another toward Edmonton. Corporal Hagin was one of the two men comprising the latter.

Nobody had seen Sergeant Heath in Edmonton; but Corporal Hagin, who knew the ways of that land, said: "Heath is an old-timer; he'd fight shy of the town right enough. What we've got to do is corral somebody just in from the landing—some freighter, and find out if the sergeant has trailed up that way."

Down at the Edmonton Barracks, Hagin had a chat with the two men who had brought Heath out when he was relieved.

They told him what the sergeant had said about going back.

"He acted like a broncho," remarked one

of them; "bucked, bucked, all the way in. A Breed wouldn't have talked sillier; said he'd go back and hamstring somebody who was jealous of him about the girl."

"What is she?"—asked Hagin—"black, white or pinto?"

"White," answered the constable. "Too good for an ass like the sergeant is turning out."

"He's hit the trail back, sure," said the corporal.

"That he has," answered the constable. "He was a fair fool over it."

In the evening Corporal Hagin found a freighter who had just come in from the north. He looked tired, so the corporal generously loaded him up with a few ounces of fire water at the hotel bar. "Great thing to loosen the tongue," soliloquized the wise policeman.

"D' ye see or hear anything of a man named Sergeant Heath out toward the landing?" he asked his victim.

"Sergeant Heath—Sergeant Heath?" muttered the freighter perplexedly to himself, as he tried to pull the memory of something out of his long, shaggy beard with his left hand. "Seems to me as— Mackinaw! Right you are, old hoss! heard ov 'm at the factor's house. Went in ter get my manifest signed, an' heer'd the missis ask that tulip-cheeked gal where Sergeant Heath was—she guessed he must be hungry by that time."

"What'd the gal say?" asked Hagin. "Let's have another drink in the meantime."

"She ups an' tells the missis as how the sergeant had cached himself over in the bush, an' she hadn't seen him since mornin'."

The corporal smiled cheerfully. "It's one of Pinkerton's men I should have been," he confided to himself.

"We've got his nibs pretty well marked down," he assured the constable who was with him; "he's cached in the bush out at the landing. We'll do this job up brown, and it'll count well for the both of us in the way of promotion."

Then the same patrol wagon that had brought the sergeant in was taken out to bring him once more.

They started in the morning. Toward the end of the second day they looked down from the top of a high hill and saw the white lime-washed H. B. Fort, factor's house, and the police barracks nestling in the little valley beside the Athabasca.

"We'll spell here," said the corporal, "and when it's getting dusk we'll work

down to the factor's shack, and keep tab on the girl. If the sergeant's about, and they're standing in together, she'll lead us up to him without knowing it."

The sun slipped down behind the spruce-covered hills on the other side of the river, and as its waters turned to blood-red, and old-gold, and wine-purple, with the last kiss of the slanting rays, the gray of the night stole down through the spruce and white-trunked poplars, and blurred into softness the shacks that had gleamed white an hour before.

Then the three men moved like Indians after moose down the soft-muffled road, and reconnoitered the factor's house. They crept around to the back, and spreading out from each other, laid down, hiding their khaki-clothed bodies in the earth carpet of wild-rose bush and bunch grass.

For half an hour they lay there. The tantalizing odor of frying bacon stole out through the open windows and caressed their nostrils, and brought regret to their souls, for they were hungry.

The stillness of the oncoming night was crackled by the noise of dishes being deftly shuffled about in the kitchen.

"The sergeant's girl is getting a hustle on for grub pile," muttered the corporal. "When she has given that the go-by, when she's fed the Okama (Big Chief), she'll swipe some for his nibs, Heath, and bring it out."

Down by the river a half-breed was singing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-di-ay" to improvised words of questionable social value, and a wheezy concertina was vainly trying to lend a countenance of harmony to the performance.

Suddenly the back door opened, a flood of light shot out across the corporal's legs as he lay in the long grass, and the dark form of a girl silhouetted itself sharply against the white-washed inner wall of the kitchen.

"She's coming," he muttered.

And she was—slightly. She took half a dozen steps along the back path, raised her arms sideways, gave a circular swing to the dishpan that was in her hands, and the next instant a deluge of warm, greasy water,

carrying a raft of potato peelings and other matter, settled down lovingly about the corporal's neck.

"Blast her eyes!" he muttered.

The baptismal fluid crept down his back, and insinuated itself under his khaki jacket



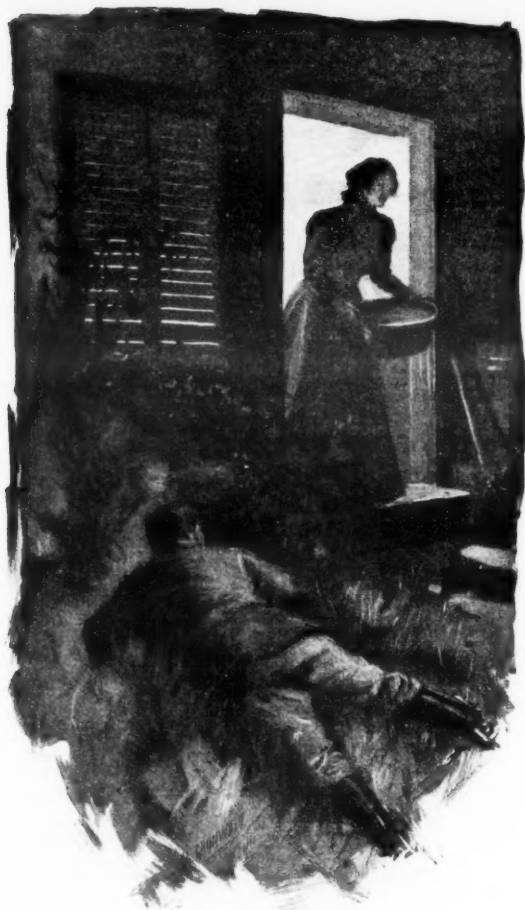
"This cost him one of the three stripes on his arm . . ."

and soaked gently into his flannel undershirt; but he daren't move—daren't blaspheme even in whisper, for the girl was standing listening intently—waiting for some call from the sergeant, evidently.

There was no signal, and she stepped back into the kitchen.

One of the constables wriggled his way over toward Hagin. "Did you get it?" he whispered, in a smothered voice.

"Yes, in the neck!" answered the baptized, despondently, followed by a course of irrelevant expressions.



"The dark form of a girl silhouetted itself sharply against the inner wall of the kitchen."

"You'd better move," suggested his friend, "she's cleaning the pots now."

"No," answered the corporal, decisively, "there's nothing further to come—I've got it all. There's even a spoon sticking in my collar."

While they were still whispering, the girl came out with a pail in her hand.

"Duck your head," exclaimed Hagin, in a frightened voice, "there's more coming."

But she continued on down the path. The two men could see a small log shack like a stable, about thirty yards away.

She was evidently heading for this.

"She's taking grub to Heath," whispered the corporal. "He's in that building. I'll bet a cayuse. We must follow and surround him."

Stealthily, on hands and knees, they crept along in the gray light behind the girl. At the shack she stopped, opened the plank door and went inside, partly shutting it behind her.

The three men eagerly closed in on the log building.

A hasty inspection disclosed the fact that there was no opening but the door. If the sergeant was within he was well caged.

There was no light inside—they could see nothing; they heard the voice of the girl saying: "Behave, *Sergeant Heath!* Here's something for you to eat—*you silly!*"

There was a muffled response, but they could not make out what the sergeant said.

Then again the girl exclaimed angrily, "Stop! your nose is like a piece of ice; will you behave!"

"Oh, my eye!" whispered Hagin, clutching his companion by the arm. "Fancy Heath's red nose like ice; it's more like a bonfire. But we've got him sure."

"That we have," responded the other. "We've worked it pretty slick—it'll be a clever capture."

"The judy'll get a surprise," whispered Hagin, with ripples

of smothered laughter in his voice.

"There, you great clumsy thing, you've spilt the milk," came from the inner darkness. "I wish I had a light. I'd make you sit up! *Stop*, or I'll pull your ear! Oh! if I had a stick!"

The sergeant was evidently too busy eating and teasing the girl to say much.

"His mouth is that full, eatin'," whispered the corporal's comrade, "that I can't get on to his oratory."

"Perhaps he's full—too full for utterance," suggested Hagin.

"No, I can hear him muttering and splurg-

ing," said the other; "besides, he'll keep straight while he's with the girl."

"I wish she'd come out," breathed the corporal softly, "we can't rush him while she's in there."

"Behave!" commanded the voice again. "You're like all the police, a *big fool*."

The listening constables nudged each other simultaneously. "I wish she'd hurry," grunted the corporal, "till we'd get that chap out; I want my dinner—I've had my bath."

"There! you've finished at last!" cried the girl. "You're a silly old stupid. If you'll hold your head still, I'll give you a kiss."

"No wonder he deserted," sighed Hagin; "I'd desert myself."

"You great calf to cache yourself in the bush when you might have had a nice soft warm bed here all day," said the soft voice reproachfully. "I'll lock you in to-morrow."

"Have the bulls-eye ready," whispered the corporal, "we'll nab her, and make play for the sergeant with the light."

Then the door creaked on its rusty hinges, and as the girl stepped out and closed it behind her, she was confronted by three men. She gave a little scream of surprise and jumped back.

"Don't be frightened," said Corporal Hagin, in a quiet voice; "we belong to the force, and won't hurt you. Guard that door!" he ordered, turning to his men.

"What do you want?" asked the girl, plucking up courage, her sharp eyes making out in the gloom the wide-brimmed cowboy hats, and brass-buttoned khaki uniforms.

"We want Sergeant Heath," answered the leader, with military deliberation. "He's in that shack."

"Of course he is," exclaimed the girl, "but you

can't have him. What right have you to demand him, he belongs to me."

"I'm sorry," said Corporal Hagin, politely, "to trouble a lady, but the government has ordered me to take him to Edmonton."

"Well, the government can't have him! They're always poking their nose in everybody's business. He's doing no harm here—he's not sick. Do they think he's got anthrax?"

"I'm glad to hear he's well," remarked the corporal, soothingly, "and I don't know that he's supposed to have any virulent cattle disease either, but I'm afraid I'll have to take him away from you, all the same."

"You'll never get him!" exclaimed the girl, determinedly. "I'll call uncle."



"As the girl closed the door behind her, she was confronted by three men."

"You'll get into trouble," continued Hagin. "It's wrong for you to hide the sergeant here like this."

"I'm not hiding him," she snapped; "he's mine; I've looked after him since his mother died, and I guess I'm not going to give him up to the measly government now."

"Of course it's good of you to look after an orphan that way, but I reckon the Powers'll take care of him from this out."

Then he thought to soften the thing a bit by lessening the value of the loss to the girl. "I'm afraid he's hardly good enough for you. He's been cutting up queer didoes lately."

"What's he done? Nothing but cache himself in the bush. There's no harm in that—it's nobody's business. You attempt to take him out of that shack and I'll scream; I'll call the factor."

As though in answer to her threat, the tall figure of the old Scotch factor suddenly loomed up coming down the path.

"What's the row?" he asked. "Who's that, Minnie?"

"The police," she replied. "They want Sergeant Heath."

"The devil!" ejaculated the old man. "What next?"

"Yes, sir," spoke up the corporal; "I'm sorry, of course, to disturb the lady, but orders is orders; he shouldn't 'av run away."

"I don't see what the thunder that's got to do with you, or your fool government, either."

"All the same, sir, I've got to take him. You can't resist my authority."

"I'm blest if I can make it out," said the old man. "If there's any fine, or anything wrong, I'd rather pay it; the girl's fond of the brute."

"You're right, sir, he is a brute!" affirmed the corporal, fervently, "and your niece would be much better to have nothing to do with him."

"Mind your own blessed barrack-room business!" retorted the touchy old factor. "You're too gratuitously officious with your remarks. It seems a hopeless muddle, anyway."

"Well, the girl'll get into serious trouble sheltering a blackguard like that," said the officer, hotly. "Here, boys, bring him out!" he ordered, turning to the two constables.

One of them had been holding the door. He threw it wide open, and called imperiously: "Come out here, and give yourself up, Sergeant Heath! you're under arrest!"

The girl laughed. "Do you think he understands you?" she asked.

"Come out," again ordered the constable. "You must be a calf to lie there, an' this girl defendin' you."

Corporal Hagin grabbed the lantern from the constable, and flashed its red, glaring eye over the interior. The square walls of the log hut stood bare and silent. The light struck on the shaggy hide of a bull-calf—there was nothing else animate within its range.

"There's nobody here," he declared, turning angrily toward Minnie. "You admitted the sergeant was inside. Where is he now?"

"The sergeant?" she asked. "That's Sergeant Heath," and she pointed her finger at the bull-calf.

The policeman stared at her in amazement. Had she become suddenly deranged?

The factor looked in the perplexed face of the corporal and laughed. "What did you expect to find here?" he asked. "Who, or what?"

"They're all mad," muttered the corporal. "Who or what?" he said, aloud, derisively; "what have we been talking about—the Prince of Wales, or a bull-calf, or a police sergeant? You're covering the trail on me, or you're all loosed."

"Different here!" retorted the factor, "if anybody's loosed, you are. You've come out here to arrest a bull-calf, and when you see him you get all muddled up."

"Bull-calf nothing!" ejaculated the other, angrily. "I'm trailing Sergeant Heath, who deserted from the force at Calgary, an' I believe you've got him hid about here somewhere."

At this the girl burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Bless my eyes!" exclaimed the factor, an expansive grin of understanding spreading over his face; "I see it. Minnie named this calf 'Sergeant Heath' for sport; she declared he was always running after her like the police sergeant did when he was here. Take a look at the collar on his neck," he added, "and see for yourself."

The corporal stepped inside, held the lantern down, and looked at the neck of the calf. A deerskin collar encircled it; worked on the leather in green silk was the legend "Sergeant Heath."

"And have you not seen the original—the policeman, here at all?" he asked, quietly, for his soul was full of the awful mistake that had fallen upon him.

"No," declared the factor; "that's the only Sergeant Heath at the landing. You'd better come in and have some dinner."

Without hilarity they ate—silently, and with downcast eyes, like men who stand ill in the favor of the gods. In the shadow of the night they stole away on the back trail, and fighting shy of the fellowship of man, came dejectedly to the barracks at Calgary. All the way back the corporal was schooling the constables as to how much detail was to be eliminated from the report of the non-finding of the deserter.

"For the sake of the peace we love, mention not the bull-calf," he begged them; "also keep dark the episode of the dish-water; for we are very much together in this fool trip."

To his commanding officer he reported: "A freighter who is dead to the truth gave us away. He told us the sergeant was at the landing; but we have gained the information that he is not there."

"Heath, the deserter, is in barracks," an-

swered the officer, shortly—"in the guard room. He gave himself up."

That was quite true. The sixteen years of continuous service had made the five days away from barrack life a misery to the policeman. He crawled into the fort on the fifth day, saying, brokenly, "I'd rather be shot in barracks than live a cattle king out yonder. It's too blessed lonesome for me."

He was given thirty days for his escapade, and when he came out Corporal Hagin told him the tale of the bull-calf.

"Is that a square deal, boys?" he asked.

"It is, on your life," assented Hagin, solemnly.

"That settles it, then," said Constable Heath—for he was reduced flat—"I'm cured—no more fool love business for me."

And he was. This was too much for his pride—it made a man of him, and as he had won the stripes before, so he won them again; but in shorter order, for he was just the man to carry stripes—bar the time of the girl lunacy.

PIE

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

IN the consideration of the past history, present influence and probable future of an institution so peculiarly American as Pie, it is of the utmost importance to define at the outset with accuracy what Pie is. It is a circular, shallow shell of dough made of flour, lard, water and salt, covering a tin plate flaring at its edges, filled with a sweetened compound and baked in an oven. Normally, the filling is of fruit, with a certain natural tartness or sub-acidity, but when, as in the case of custard and pumpkin, the necessary twist is naturally lacking, it is supplied by pungent spices. The cover may be comprehensive, as in the case of apple pie, peach pie, or huckleberry pie; it may have crossbars, as in the cranberry pie, or it may be open-faced, as in the custard or pumpkin pie. But an under-crust it must have or it is no true pie; it is unworthy of the country that gave it birth, for Pie is as truly American as the Stars and Stripes, manhood suffrage, and the privilege of being bossed by our women folks. Benevolent assimilation will be but an empty phrase

until that day when the inhabitants of our island possessions shall not only have come to look upon Old Glory with an upward, joyous rising of the heart; shall not only have come to take a beating at the polls with a sickly grin instead of running about jabbering and weeping; shall not only have come to accept gladly the necessity of playing second fiddle to their wives, but also to regard pie as their birthright and its presence at the breakfast table as perhaps piling on the agony a little too thick, but all right for those that can afford it.

It will be seen that my definition practically excludes certain things which the lax and charitable dictionary might let slip through—savory viands baked in a crust, such as that gummy creation called oyster pie, which I regard as a crime against society, since the oysters are cooked too much and the crust not cooked enough; chicken pie, which is a poor way of presenting a poor meat, and all those atrocious messes that our cousins across the sea put up and call pies, mutton pies, pork pies, veal-and-

ham pies, and the like. I have never tasted any of them, I am thankful to say. The name is enough for me, and I hope devoutly I may never be so afflicted in mind, body or estate as to be compelled to eat one or else perish of starvation.

I have no wish to give offense to any whose misfortune not whose fault it is to have been brought up ignorant of the blessings of pie, but I really must exclude the German apple cake. I cannot help thinking it a great pity that Germany, which has done so much for the art of cookery, should have failed and come short of Pie. Who can doubt that the fatal error of imbedding the slices of apple in raised dough instead of enclosing them in short pastry is the real reason why Liberty in that land swoons in death-like torpor? Hungarian cabbage pie is also barred out, for cabbage, even under the most liberal interpretation, is not a fruit and cannot be made such with any amount of sugar, cinnamon and lemon peel. Had this great truth been perceived, Kossuth would now be something more to the world than the name for a soft felt hat.

I hold it to be a demonstrable truth that the freedom of the citizen and the highest commercial and intellectual eminence can only be attained where Pie is prominent as an article of diet. It may be said that these very British whom I condemned a moment ago for their gross and sordid ideals of Pie, lead the world for individual liberty, commercial supremacy and such achievements in philosophy and letters as are exemplified in the works of Herbert Spencer and Marie Corelli, but I maintain that it is possible for a people to possess a blessing and yet call it out of its name. Britons have pies, but possessed by that exasperating combination of ignorance and bull-headedness which is their characteristic, they call them "tarts." Now, calling a pie a tart does not make it a tart any more than calling a rubber overshoe a "gum" can render that peculiarly Philadelphia expression, "I was cleaning my gums on the door-mat," other than shocking to the moral sense. In either case, the mistake is due to ignorance and parochial narrowness. If the British people had only gone to college they would know that "tart" comes from the Latin "tortus," meaning "twisted," and is correctly used only to describe a twisted ribbon of dough enclosing a form of jelly. Not even the most benighted islander thinks of calling it a "mince tart" and yet a mince pie is no more of a pie than an apple pie is. Both are constructed on

precisely the same architectural lines. I call the attention of the citizens of the British Empire to this error of theirs. I don't want to have to speak to them again about it.

Though the derivation of the word "tart" is quite simple, it must be owned that "pie" will have to be given up as too hard to puzzle out. And this is strange because it is not an ancient thing, as anybody can see when he knows that so simple a dish as suet pudding was never heard of before the beginning of the eighteenth century. Puddings until then were always meat compounds boiled in casings like sausages. All persons are hereby warned away from supposing that Pie in the American sense has any connection with "pie: a magpie," or "pie: the complex rules for the performance of the ancient breviary offices of the church," or "pi: a confused mixture of type." I seem to have read somewhere that mince pie was the father of all other pies, and was so named because it was such a mixture of things, but I am afraid this will hardly do. Etymology is not a guessing game, at least, not when it is played right. It seems to be settled that "pie" has to do with "pit" and "pot," but just what the connection is nobody knows.

When people saw a great light and apprehended that sweets are harmonious only with mildly acid and fragrantly pungent things, and not with salty and savory things, such as meats and soup greens, then Pie came into its own, and under its beneficent sway an immense mental, moral and spiritual uplift made itself felt immediately. The Declaration of Independence was the direct result, and all the heritage of liberty bequeathed to us in that instrument. Does anybody doubt that if the Southern people had been as great pie eaters as the Yankees anything could have beaten them? How is it possible for seven Americans to fall upon 150 Filipinos at a wedding party, surround them and kill every one of them in the interests of sound and stable government unless it is that the American was nourished on pie and the Filipino was not? It is all very well to sneer, but *how do you account for it otherwise?* That's the question.

Pie is without doubt the great brain food, and wherever it is eaten habitually you see a literature strong, nervous, direct, forceful, and withal gracile and refined. In my mind, Ralph Waldo Emerson can no more be dissociated from cold apple pie than cheese can. His recognition of the appropriateness of Pie for breakfast indicates at once how

the true philosopher understands that man does not live by bread alone; that is to say, when man eats to gratify a gross and carnal need, the meal becomes mere feeding; it is animal and not spiritual. But when Pie is present the meal becomes a function of Beauty. For there is gustatory Beauty as well as auditory or visual Beauty. Indeed, when we wish to describe a man of the highest aesthetic discernment, what term do we use? We say, "He has Taste." Plain living may produce high thinking, just as the slim and severe pillar supports the weight laid upon it, but it is not beautiful thinking until the succulent and toothsome triangle of Pie is added thereunto as the carven capital is added to the column.

When one understands how Pie is the glad epiphany of the soul's yearning for beauty of living, as it were the bud tip of a plant groping its way upward between the dull, hard clods to sunlight and the air, he understands also how some kinds of pie have a story to tell, a pathetic story for those who can appreciate.

In the early days of Ohio there was a vinegar pie. A paste was made of flour and water. Enough vinegar was added to give it a pleasant tartness and sugar was stirred in to suit the taste. Then this was used as a filling for the top and bottom crust. Smile, if you can, at this poor effort, but bethink you who it was that made it and where and why. We may set the scene in a log-cabin in the wild woods of the Western Reserve and people it with settlers from Connecticut, an ambitious husband and his young wife who have left behind them the old folks at home, knowing that they will never look upon their faces more. They have come the long, long journey in their covered wagon to the Far West of Ohio to seek a home in the wilderness. The Indians are but barely gone. The timber wolves still howl nights while the young mother hushes her babe to rest. In the twilight bears snuffle at the door sill of the rude cabin. It was a sufficient shelter from the weather, but no rag carpet covered the puncheon floor to soothe the eye with its soft coloring, no pictures hung upon the mud-chinked wall of logs. There was no lack of food to eat. The virgin soil, never before turned by a plowshare, brought forth riotously. Standing at his door, the husband might kill wild turkeys with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer and squirrels, 'possums, wild ducks, wood pigeons and, once in a long while, a feast of that most highly-prized of all meats, pork. Wild ber-

ries grew all about, and here and there upsprung a tree planted by Johnny Appleseed, ragged, wild enthusiast that he was, almost a legendary hero in his beneficent resolve to scatter far and wide over the new country the best fruit ever God gave to man. There was plenty to eat, but when at last the store of fruit for winter was exhausted, the soul sickened at the plenty of mere animal food.

"I woosh't 'twas so't we could hev pie luck them we used to git back hum," sighs the husband.

"Land sakes! Uriah Kinney! I ain't got one mortal thing I could make a pie aout o'," retorts the wife.

"No, I s'pose not. I ain't a-faultin' ye. I was unly sayin' I woosh't 'twas so't we could hev a pie luck them we used to git back hum. 'Twould kind o' seem more luck livin'."

Then the wife falls to biting the end of her forefinger. She plans; she meditates. Oh, woman of a thousand wonderful inventions! Something has got to give when thy brain throws its weight against a problem. Result in this instance, a vinegar pie.

"Gosh, Polly! This is lickin' good!" exclaims the husband, wiping his mouth with one hand while he holds out the other for a third piece of pie. (Crockery was scarce in those days.) Then he spreads the news.

"By darn!" says he to the next man he meets, "my Polly Ann med a pie f' me day b'fore yistiddy was the all-firedest best pie I ever et."

"Sho!" doubts the man that hears him. "Cain't git nup pie this time o' ye'r. Frut's all gin aout."

"By darn! she med it anyhaow," and he smacks his lips. "Smartest woman I ever see. Med it aout o' vinegar, she did. Tell yeou. Tetched the spot, it did."

"I want to know," says the other man, admiringly. And he did. The recipe was passed around, and vinegar pie spread like wild-fire to the southward to the people that call a pail a bucket and a basin a pan and where they have a letter "r" broad enough and flat enough to roll out pie crust on in case of an emergency. Years have passed and with them the memory of that dear soul that first discovered vinegar pie; yes, even vinegar pie itself has passed away, too, save in the recollections of the older people, so complete is the triumph of the self-sealing fruit can. I have used the name of Kinney, but that was because I thought it sounded kind of Yankee, but I should like to know her real name, and where she sleeps, that I

might stand beside that weed-grown hollow that was once a mound above her, that I might read the mossy epitaph on her leaning tombstone:

A Faithful Friend, a Mother Dear,
A Loving Wife lies buried here.

I should like to lay a posy on that grave, a posy of old-fashioned single pinks and phlox and Sweet William, flowers that she knew and liked. I am sure she would know of it and appreciate it though she would protest it wasn't worth while making a fuss about. Yet I know that somehow she would feel that the hard times she had when they were all down with the "fever 'n' ager," she and Jerushy and Uriah chilling one day and Adoniram and the twins chilling the next day, and the cows got lost in the woods, and nothing tasted good, they were all so poorly, and the house looked like distraction because, seem-like, she hadn't the ambition to keep it picked up—that somehow all that hard time was being made up to her now. I just know she is in the Good Place, not so much because she discovered the vinegar pie, though that is much, but because I don't see how the Good Man could ever have the heart to turn away any woman that brought up a family in Ohio away back in the "airly days."

There were other pies, since abandoned, that represented tentative forays into the unknown land of gustatory beauty. But they were not so bold and they were not planned with such sound understanding of the true principle of Pie. There was the cream pie, which was not at all like the cream puff of the modern baker. The filling was of cream, enriched with butter, spiced and sweetened to the palate. It was rich and cloying and called for the stomach of a woodchopper to digest it. There was the cheese pie made of sweetened "clabber," curdled milk with the whey drained off. Of course there were pies made of dried apples with a curious—shall I say brown?—flavor not to be found in the evaporated apples of to-day. There was a wild grape pie that was a glutton for sugar. Do you know the wild sorrel with its heart-shaped leaves and little yellowy flower, sour as all get out? They made pies of that, too. I once ate a piece of green tomato pie at a neighbor's, only one piece, but the memory of it yet lives with me. I do think I never tasted anything so good in all my life. Our folks never made that kind, and since then I have never been able to run across another. I have often wished that somebody that knew how to make them just right would

send one to me. I don't know, though. It might be a disappointment. Nothing tastes as good now as it did then. The gooseberries aren't as sour nowadays as they used to be when we used to try and see how many we could chew up without having to "scrooge" up our eyebrows and shiver. Even they weren't as sour as those in Grandma's garden, the ones with stickers on the berries. Southern people make a sweet potato pie, enriched and enlivened with butter and spices, but that only goes to show how it was that they were beaten in their rebellion. They missed the fundamental principle of pie, the natural tartness of the filling. It is true that a very successful exception to that rule is the custard pie where the bland sweetness of the eggs and milk is touched up by the pungent spices, picked out with a little gill, as it were. Nevertheless it is a grave heresy not to bake custards in cups. Any housekeeper will tell you that they are the ticklish things in the world to get just right. One instant too long in the oven and the custard turns watery. Now dough needs a lot of baking, and with that wet filling the under crust cannot possibly be cooked done. Never eat the crust of custard pie.

But apples! You take good, sharp, juicy winter apples and pare them and quarter and core them and slice them and strew them on the well-worked and well-shortened under-crust, made out of good winter wheat flour, and put in a little sweet butter and just enough sugar and a clove or two and nutmeg and cinnamon and maybe a little lemon peel and then fix on the cover and take a case-knife and trim off the superfluous dough around the rim and pinch up the edge with your thumb and finger all around to make it look pretty and gash the top something like a leaf so as to let out the steam and then set it in an oven that bakes just right, top and bottom, and let it stay there till it browns the right shade, and I tell you you've got a pie that is a pie. And when ma opens the oven door to see how it is getting along, there is such a nice smell all through the house—wait a second till I swallow; I'm 'most choked—and it seems as if you just can't wait till dinner time comes—oh, yes; I guess warm apple pie is about right. And cold apple pie can be got down, especially if there is a piece of cheese on the plate beside it, this kind of cheese that is all crumbly and has about a million little stickers in it.

Apple pie is always in style. Go into a restaurant and ask for "a cut of standard,"

and the waiter will bring you a piece of apple pie. He knows what standard pie is. There are times in the year when other kinds make a spurt and run on ahead a little, but apple pie keeps jogging on, and by and by it overtakes them. This month mince pie is in the lead because it is near Christmas, and that is an orthodox Christmas article of diet. Last month pumpkin pie had the call because it was Thanksgiving time. Next spring when pie-plant comes in—some people call it rhubarb, but that always sounds stuck-up, and like you were trying to show off—everybody will eat pie-plant because it is good for the blood. In the summer peach pie will forge away to the front, and I'll never tell you why. But, just as I say, apple pie keeps jogging on and in the long run wins the race. I mean the right kind of an apple pie. Once in a while you will meet somebody that is always trying to be different from anybody else, and he will go on about English deep apple pie, and how much superior it is to the common vulgar thing we eat because we don't know any better. Well, English deep apple pie is good; I don't deny that. It can't help being good. You cook apples almost any way, and they're not bad eating, but law me! when you put them in a crock and turn a little cup upside down in the middle of them and cover it all over with a lid of pastry, that isn't a pie at all. It's just stewed apples. Don't you see that you must have a bottom of pastry and that there is a just proportion of crust to filling that must not be deviated from one iota or your pie is inartistic and an offense against the laws of taste?

Different fillings require different amounts of crust, and that is why some pies are cross-barred, some are open-faced and some are hunting-case. As aesthetics assumes greater importance in the life of a highly specialized community, better pies, more artistic pies are demanded, and the well-meant but amateurish efforts of the housewife are supplanted by the serious creations of the professional pie baker. He selects a flour of the very best quality, suitable for the under crust, but not lively enough to make good bread; he blends a flour that is of a more rising disposition for the upper crust; he buys fruits for the filling more advantageously than the housewife; he can employ men of nice discrimination who know just to a shade the right amount of heat for this pie, and the right amount for that, which one needs to have more heat on the top and which one more on the bottom. It is not machinery

that gives the wholesale pie baker his advantage. Crackers and the like may be tured out by machinery, but not pie. You might as well expect to create Monets and Whistlers and Holman Hunts with stencils. Only the skilled touch of the artist suffices to mix the flour and the lard, the water and the salt to just the consistency requisite to make the tender paste, when baked, crumble deliciously in the mouth. Only a highly-trained palate can gauge to a nicety the proper proportion of sweets and sour and aromatic spices. It takes human judgment to select and prepare fruits for the filling and no machine was ever yet invented that could break eggs for custards and meringues, accepting the strictly fresh and rejecting those that have been unable to make up their minds whether to turn into chicken or not. Pie must be regarded as a work of art and judged as such.

As the very tip end of the last tail feather of the nineteenth century slips out of our grasp, ineffectual to detain, we cannot choose but pause and reflect how immensely our view-point of all things has been changed in a hundred years. As it flutters over the fence rail of Time to join its companions in the Limbo of departed things on the other side it seems to us that in its reign every opinion cherished because other people held it has been brought up before the bar of reason on mandamus proceedings to show cause why it should longer be. As a result of these searching inquiries we know now that George Washington did not chop down the cherry tree with his little hatchet and thereafter tell a wilful truth. We know now that there never was any William Tell and no Gessler to make William Tell that he had hidden an arrow under his waistcoat "To kill THEE, monster, had I slain me son!" Horsehairs may soak and soak in water and nobody believes that they will change into snakes. We have turned our backs on the Garden of Eden where our ancestors did their celebrated living statue act, and instead, we reach our hand through the bars of the ages to grasp a monkey's paw and cry out, "How-de-do, grandpa?" Our fathers believed that nothing could stand up that did not have at least three points of contact with the ground and yet we ride a hundred miles a-straddle of two wheels and never think of tipping over sideways. All that seemed sure and steadfast as the eternal hills has taken to skirt dancing all about us. What wonder then that in the changing whirl some minds have been

made so giddy as to assert that Pie is unwholesome?

Men around us shriek out all sorts of heresies about eating. No phantasy is too wild to command advocates. Some say that alcohol in the minutest quantities is a deadly poison and turns the human stomach into the similitude of a four-color lithograph of Vesuvius in full eruption. Some say it is no less than lingering suicide to use salt at all. Some say you ought to eat nothing but scraped raw beef and drink nothing but hot water. The mere mention of beef throws others into wild convulsions, and they declare that man should live only upon vegetables, fruits and nuts. They say it is cruel to kill animals for food, and that whosoever eats the flesh of a cow, a pig, or a sheep partakes of the nature of a cow, a pig or a sheep. For myself I had as lief be like a pig as like a potato and to take the life of a peaceable, law-abiding radish seems as cruel to me as to slay an oyster in cold blood. Poor, fleshless creatures, whose skin hangs on them in folds as if they had bought their epidermis at a Misfit Parlor, whose color is that of a peeled apple, will up and tell you that you eat too much and that you ought to get up from the table hungry; this in spite of the fact that consumption and many other diseases come from insufficient nutrition, and that certain kinds of insanity follow fasting as its tail follows a cat. Lately there has come up a brood of maniacs that maintain that cooking is a crime, and that we should eat everything raw. All these food fanatics, no matter how much they may quarrel among themselves, agree in this, however, that Pie is unwholesome, and by dint of loud and continuous shouting have drawn others after them.

I admit that the case for Pie looks bad at the outset. Somehow, we have got it into our heads that whatever is good for us is bad to take; and conversely that whatever is bad to take is good for us. Pie is not bad to take. I grant that, but I join issue here and now and maintain that our automatic self knows a good deal better what we ought to do and what we ought not to do than that bumptious thing we call our intellect, with all its boasted powers of ratiocination. Reason says: "The only way to decide whether this is poison or not is to try it. If it kills me, it is poison; if it doesn't, it isn't." Instinct says: "P-too-ah! Ugh! The nasty stuff!" For poisons taste bad and wholesome things taste good.

Let us have this quarrel out right here

and now. What is there unwholesome about Pie? The filling? Stewed apple unwholesome? Huckleberries ruinous to the stomach? Pie-plant destructive to the nerves? Spiced pumpkin sauce a slow poison? Lemon, cranberry, gooseberry, custard—all the delicious things they put in pies unfit for human food? Nonsense!

No, it is the crust they find fault with. I have even heard preachers go on about pie crust and vow it was a sin to eat it because it was bad for the health. I say they ought to be prosecuted for heresy.

The sacrificial cakes and the shewbread for the Jewish temple worship were definitely prescribed to be of certain proportions of "fine flour, mingled with oil," which is nothing more or less than pie crust, though, of course, in this case the shortening was not of lard. Furthermore, to quote the Vincentian rule, "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," "always, everywhere, and by all men," has been regarded as a delicacy is the combination of flour and fat, starches and oils, each supplementing the other. To rail against pie crust is to denounce thickened gravies, broths, sauces, suet puddings, dumplings, doughnuts, and nearly all the good things that men have smacked their lips over in all ages. What the majority of men in all time have pronounced good, let no destructive critic condemn in haste.

I appeal to Reason as well as to Instinct. Take the best flour that can be made of sound hard winter wheat. That is what is required to make good pie crust. Surely it is wholesome. Take the finest, cleanest kettle-rendered lard. Surely that is wholesome. Hog's fat is, next to cod-liver oil, the most easily assimilable of all fats, and as a food it surpasses cod liver oil. Water is certainly harmless, and the salt that savors the paste is needed by the stomach to make hydrochloric acid, the principal ingredient of the gastric juice. All these are good separately, and when mixed together and baked in an oven no other change takes place than the breaking up of the starch cells, and that facilitates digestion.

But let us take the reported results of the experiments made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture on the values of foodstuffs. There the average for various kinds of pies was shown to be:

Water	44.8	
Protein	4.6	Feeds the tissues, tendons, etc.
Fat	9.5	Fat-producing.
Carbo-hydrates	39.6	" " "
Ash	1.5	Bone-producing; aids digestion.

The fuel value of pie per pound was found to be 1.220. Compare this with white bread at 1.205, Graham bread at 1.275, corned beef dried at 1.225, and apples at 1.225. It is more valuable than leg of lamb at 1.115 or turkey at 1.070, and nearly twice as valuable as chicken at .080.

Without doubt, the eating of pie has produced some temporary unpleasant results, but chronic indigestion is not due to over-feeding, but to under-nutrition. The life of the modern man makes heavy draughts on his nervous system. He does not feed it with its proper food, fats, because they require exercise to burn them up, and he is too lazy; they require proper mastication to dissolve the starch in the pie crust and to emulsify the oil. He is in too much of a hurry to follow Mr. Gladstone's rule of thirty-six chews to each bite. So he goes about grunting because he cannot digest anything but baby food. Another thing, a piece of mince pie has about as much lean meat in it as a man ought to eat at a meal, to say nothing of the lard in the crust, the suet, the apples, the raisins, cider, currants, citron and all the spices and the brandy, which if not exactly nutritive in themselves are valuable adjuncts to nutrition. It is a full meal in itself, and yet it is eaten after a man has stuffed himself until the sweat stands out on his forehead. Then he blames the pie for his dreams about Noah and the Ark. I say it is not fair to blame the pie.

It's the man that's wrong. If he would chop a little wood, if he would run around in the open air and get out where he could "holler" and romp he would be all right; he would appreciate Pie at its proper value as a food.

On behalf of this most maligned of all our creature comforts, I appeal to that sense of fair play that is so characteristic of this nation. We have constituted ourselves the guardians of the rights of the Indian and the negro on our own continent; our pie-fed missionaries and their descendants have annexed the Hawaiian Islands with the sole purpose of giving the Kanakas the blessings of an enlightened civilization, and an odd job or two on the sugar plantations; we have taken up the White Man's Burden, and are teaching the Porto Ricans to wear pants, and we would throw our protecting ægis over the Filipinos if they would only hold still long enough to let us buckle the head-strap; why then should we not rally as one man to the defense of one of our greatest and grandest native institutions, Pie? Pie, the promoter of lofty thought and high endeavor; Pie, the palladium of a free people; Pie, that ennobles and refines the act of eating; Pie, the fairest flower that tops the aspiring shoot of cookery as it rises from the sordid earth of savagery to the sunlight of æsthetic civilization! (Cries of, "We will! we will!")

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention.

ON A PRAIRIE TELEGRAPH-POLE

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Past mountain and foothill, plain and lake,
Where it links the East and West,
The tense wire tingles from sea to sea,
A river that runs unrest.

As a two-stringed harp of haste it throbs
With the rise and fall of states,
And sings through a land of sun and peace
Of far-off wars and hates.

Through a glimmering sea of waving green,
Of silence, and golden suns,
As a thread of pain in the woof of peace
From world to world it runs.

But the tales it tells are idle tales,
And the songs it sings are strange
To us who follow the glad, gold trail
Of the sun on the Open Range.

THE BALLAD OF OBADI' FRYE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

'Twas a battered old, double-B, twisted bass horn,
With a yaw in the flare at its end;
A left-over veteran, relic forlorn
Of the halcyon days when a band had been born
To the village of Buckleby Bend.
The band was dismembered by time and by death
As the years went a-scurrying by,
And only one player was left with his breath
And that was old Obadi' I.

P. Frye,

Old Obadi' Isaac Pitt Frye.

With a glow in his eye
He would plaintively try
To puff out the tune that they marched to at training;
But the tremolo drone
Of the brassy old tone
Quavered queerly enough with his scant breath remaining
Ah, the years had been many and bent was his back
And caved was his chest and departed his knack;
So, though he was filled with musicianly pride
And huffed at the mouthpiece and earnestly tried
To steady his palsied old lip and control
The old-fashioned harmonies stirring his soul—
There was nothing in Buckleby quite so forlorn
As the oomp-tooty-oomp of that old bass horn.
To the parties and sociables, quiltings and sings
They invited old Obadi' Frye;
He give 'em bass doldrums of old-fashioned things
With occasional bass obligato for strings,
—Or at least he would zealously try.
The minister coaxed him to buy a cornet
And chirk up a bit in his tune,
But none could induce him to ever forget
His love for that old bassoon,

Whose tune

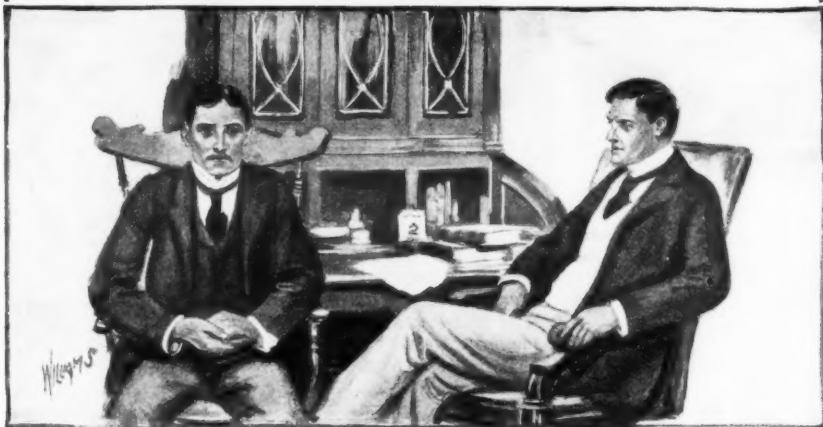
Was the solace of life's afternoon.

So he'd splutter and moan
With his thin, gusty tone
But his empty old lungs balked his anxious endeavor.
He hadn't the starch
For a jig or a march,
And with double-F volume he'd parted forever.
For he hadn't the breath for a triple note run,
'Twas a whoof and a pouf! and alas, he was done;
But the pride of his heart was that old double-bass,
He was happy alone with its lips at his face.

The Adventures of Nicholas Carter

by Charles Westbrook

II. AFTER THE BACHELOR DINNER



"He hasn't been back, nor sent any word."

USHERED into Detective Carter's presence, Peter Looney exhibited a painful embarrassment.

"I suppose you remember me, sir," he said, apparently addressing the corner of Mr. Carter's desk, which was farthest from that gentleman himself.

The detective remembered Looney very well, having been instrumental in sending him to prison about five years before, as a minor accomplice in the looting of Gen. Westerly's country house where the fellow had been a servant. Looney's guilt had not been flagrant, and he had labored for the state only a few months as a result of it.

"Perfectly" replied Carter. "What can I do for you? Sit down and don't worry."

Looney slid into a chair, and shifted his gaze to the inside of his hat.

"How is Mr. Corwin?" continued the detective. "You're his valet now, aren't you?"

The man looked up, hastily, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; I am," he said. "I've been his valet for two years, and always given satisfaction, as he's often told me. And as to how he is, sir, I wish I knew; or where he is, for that matter. But I don't, and that's why I'm here. Somebody had to do some-

thing, sir, as I took the liberty to say to Mr. Barr— Mr. Lawrence Barr, sir, a friend of Mr. Corwin, and having rooms in the same building. But he said he didn't know what we could do. We couldn't report to the police and raise a rumpus. 'Mr. Corwin will show up all right,' says he; but here it is Sunday, and the wedding's to-morrow. So I got nervous and inquired at Mrs. Sturgis', but he hadn't been there, and it came over me that I couldn't let it go on any longer. And you were the only one I could think of—"

"I shall be glad to advise you," said the detective. "And, in the first place, let me see if I have the facts of the case. Mr. Corwin was to be married to-morrow to Miss Zelda Behring, an English girl, who is a relative of Mrs. Foster Sturgis, and has been her guest since last spring. The young gentleman gave his bachelor dinner Friday night at Sherry's, as the newspapers stated. What do you know of him since then?"

"Nothing, sir; I haven't seen him," replied Looney.

"Didn't he return to his rooms?"

"Yes, sir; he came back with Mr. Barr, about four o'clock, but I didn't know any-

thing about it. I went to sleep in a chair, sir, and he didn't wake me up. It was five when I woke, and he'd been there and gone. He hasn't been back, nor sent any word."

Carter inquired when the valet had last seen his master, and learned that it was about half-past seven o'clock on Friday evening. At that hour Corwin had left his rooms in company with Barr.

"There must be something wrong, sir," said the valet, "because Mr. Corwin is in his dress clothes. When he came back, in the early morning, he sat down and wrote at his desk, but he didn't change his clothes, nor take anything away with him, so far as I can see."

"How do you know what he did, if you were asleep all the time?" demanded Carter.

"It's by what I found on his desk," replied Looney. "He had drawn some checks, sir, and they were all dated the first of the month, which is Saturday. I spoke to Mr. Barr about that, and it seemed to make him a bit anxious; but he said that Mr. Corwin hadn't come to any harm. Yet it looks to me as if something must have happened, unexpected, to call him out of the room, or else he'd have put the checks into envelopes, for they were all to be mailed, and the right number of envelopes had been taken out of a pigeonhole. What could have called him away at that hour I don't know."

"You heard nothing?"

"Well, sir, I waked with a sort of a start. My first thought was that he'd come in, and slammed the door. I was in the next room, with a door ajar between the two."

"As I understand it," said the detective, "you were asleep in a room adjoining the parlor. You were awakened as if by a loud noise. You jumped up and went into the

parlor expecting to find Mr. Corwin, but nobody was there. Was everything as you had left it?"

"Everything but the lamp," answered Looney. "It was a gas droplight on a roll-top desk. All the other lights in the room are electric. I usually leave the gas drop burning, and turned low, of an evening when Mr. Corwin is out. It was turned on full head, flaring up a bit, sir, when I got into the parlor."

The most obvious inference was that Corwin had a secret reason for his conduct and that his friend Barr was his confidant. Naturally, the valet would not be privy to the matter, unless he had trapped it at a key-hole or in a letter. Upon this theory Corwin would probably return in time for the wedding, and there would be no real occasion for Carter's intervention.

On the other hand, all that the detective knew of Corwin contradicted this view. He was a quiet, methodical fellow, well known in clubdom and society, where his name had never been associated with even the mildest escapade. His mother had died during his infancy; his father a few years later, leaving a fortune in trust, which had enormously



"'Lawrence,' she cried, 'is it true that something has happened to Mr. Corwin?'"

increased during the heir's minority. Coming into the enjoyment of a great income, Archie Corwin had made himself remarkable principally for what he had not done. By all accounts, he had found his first romance at thirty, and in the beaten path of

society. He had wooed Miss Behring most conventionally, gently assisted by Mrs. Foster Sturgis, to whom the match seemed perfectly ideal. Yet there was absolutely no reason to suppose that Corwin had been led unwillingly. Certainly he would seem to be the last man in the world to break an engagement on the eve of marriage by a sensational disappearance.

Having run these facts over in his mind, Carter decided to get a closer view of the case. He therefore went with Looney to the Gorham Building, in which were Corwin's apartments.

When they arrived there, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the somewhat pretentious equipage of Mrs. Foster Sturgis was before the door. Glancing through a window, Carter perceived the lady herself and Miss Behring in conference with the superintendent of the building, who, at the same moment, saw the valet and beckoned to him.

"These ladies are inquiring for Mr. Corwin," said the superintendent, as Looney entered the reception-room. "Perhaps you can tell them when he is likely to return."

The valet glanced nervously over his shoulder at Carter, who stepped forward and disclosed his identity and his errand.

"This is wholly incomprehensible," said Mrs. Sturgis. "We were informed of this man's inquiries at my house, but were far from apprehending any misfortune. Even now I am at a loss to understand——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Lawrence Barr, to whom the ladies had sent their names, upon being informed of the absence of Corwin. A glance showed him that the scene had gone beyond the possibility of the commonplace. He took Mrs. Sturgis' proffered hand, and bowed to Miss Behring, who did not move or speak, but merely turned her eyes upon him.

"I may as well tell you at once," he said, "that I cannot help you in the least. I have been desperately anxious since yesterday, but have learned nothing in that time. I shrink from reporting the affair to the police, yet the time has come when some systematic search must be made."

As the speediest way of conveying the necessary information, Carter put his card into Barr's hand. The young man started as he read the name.

"I trust we may rely absolutely upon your discretion, Mr. Carter," he said. "Certainly

the less said, the better. This man, I suppose——"

He waved his hand toward Looney.

"Precisely," responded the detective. "He came to my house about an hour ago. And now, Mr. Barr, if we might venture to intrude upon you, I think we would do better than to discuss the matter here."

"Let us go to Mr. Corwin's rooms," said Barr. "Surely the search should start from there."

Carter signified his acquiescence, and Mrs. Sturgis answered for herself and for Miss Behring. When they were in Corwin's parlor, the detective's first care was to assure himself that the room was substantially as Corwin had left it. Then he made the valet show where he had sat, asleep, in the adjoining room, and how the door between had stood.

"Do you sleep soundly?" asked the detective.

"No, sir," replied Looney; "the least thing wakes me. I don't see how Mr. Corwin could have had that light burning long enough to write those checks, and me not know it."

"The same thing came into my mind," said Carter, with a smile. "I observed that the sudden turning on of this light would cause quite a bright flash in the other room. By the way, did you usually sleep in that chair while Mr. Corwin was away in the evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any one ever tell you that you breathed audibly in your sleep?"

Looney blushed, for this is a delicate subject with high and low.

"I'm afraid I snore sometimes, sir," he said. "I've been told so."

"Very well," said Carter. "Now I think I ought to look at those checks."

Barr raised the lid of the desk, remarking that it had been found closed, but not firmly enough to snap the catch of the lock. The checks lay there with the book from which they had been torn.

"Some of these show the effect of a bachelor dinner," said Barr, with a smile. "You'll see that the writing wanders a little from the horizontal."

"Quite perceptibly, in the last two or three," said Nick, who had turned to the book. "I see a stub here with your name," he added, addressing Looney, "but it has been crossed off. Were you usually paid by check?"

"No, sir," the valet replied; "I've al-

ways had my wages in cash, as I remember."

"You should have had them yesterday, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but I ain't thinking of that at such a time."

the avenue, getting around to Sherry's about eight o'clock."

"Did anything unusual occur at the dinner?"

Barr smiled, as he glanced at Mrs. Sturgis.

"It is very unusual for Archie to drink



"You see all this mystery, and I but a small part. Has he deserted me?"

Carter turned to Barr. "Will you tell me," he said, "all that you remember about Corwin, as he appeared on Friday?"

"In the early part of the day," replied Barr, "I did not see him. At five o'clock in the afternoon I came in here, and remained until quarter past six."

"Were you alone with Mr. Corwin?"

"Yes."

"Neither Looney nor any one else came in?"

"No."

"Please proceed," said the detective.

"At quarter past six," continued Barr, "I went to my own room, and dressed for the dinner. I returned a little before half-past seven. Archie—Mr. Corwin—was in his bed-room. He had just finished dressing. We went out presently, and took a little ride up

too much champagne," he said. "On this occasion, however, he seemed to regard it as a duty, and you know how conscientious he is. We were all— Well, it was about the regular thing. I don't know what became of most of the fellows; it seemed to me that they slowly melted away in wine, like Cleopatra's famous pearl. About two o'clock I could not distinguish many of them except Archie and Cunningham Reeves. At three, or thereabouts, I perceived that we were riding down town in a cab, for the purpose of putting Reeves aboard his steamer. He sailed for Gibraltar Saturday morning. Archie and I got him aboard, somehow, and then came back here. I remember that it snowed hard at that hour, though it was clear enough a little later, I'm told."

"What happened after you got here?" asked Carter.

"Archie got off at this floor, and I went on up. My rooms are on the seventh."

"What was Mr. Corwin's condition?"

"Oh, he was all right at that time."

"How do you suppose he got out of this building without being seen?" asked the detective. "Of course, you have made inquiries."

Barr hesitated, and Looney took it upon himself to answer the question.

"If you'll pardon me, sir," he said, "there's two ways. In the first place, there's been a new man on the elevator at night since Wednesday, and he didn't know Mr. Corwin well enough to be sure. He carried several men down, very late that night, but he can't say for certain whether Mr. Corwin was one of them. In the second place, anybody can go down the stairs to the side entrance. There's a spring lock on the outside door."

"That is the situation exactly," said Barr. "There would be no trouble about his getting out. But why should he wish to do so?"

"Mr. Carter," said Miss Behring, and it was the first time she had spoken, "do you believe that Mr. Corwin is absenting himself voluntarily?"

Her dark eyes were fixed upon the detective with an intensity of penetration that would have disquieted a man of ordinary self-possession.

"You who know him so well," replied the detective, gently, "can surely answer that question. Is he the man to leave a servant's wages unpaid when the matter was certainly in his mind, and a mere stroke of the pen would have accomplished it? There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Corwin intended to pay his valet in cash on the first day of the month, as was his custom."

The blood rushed back into Zelda's face; her breath, tensely drawn, escaped in a sigh that was half a sob.

"You think, then," said she, controlling herself with an effort, "that he is forcibly detained?"

"I am nearly certain upon that point," replied Carter, "and I greatly fear that the wedding will have to be postponed."

"Postponed?" she echoed. "For how long?"

Before Carter could reply, the little bell at the outer door rang sharply. Looney glanced at the detective, and, having received a sign, stepped into the vestibule. Immediately they heard a woman's voice.

"It is my sister," exclaimed Barr. "She has been to my rooms, and has taken it for granted that I was here."

Before the words were fairly spoken a tall young woman, slender, maidenly, and as beautiful as an angel, appeared in the doorway.

"Lawrence!" she cried, "is it true that something has happened to Mr. Corwin?"

Barr crossed to her hastily, and took her by the hands.

"How did you come to know this, little girl?" he asked, tenderly.

She named the superintendent, saying that when he had told her where her brother was, she had guessed from his manner that something was amiss, and had extorted the truth from him.

"We do not know where Archie is," said Barr, "but there is not the slightest reason for supposing that he has come to any harm."

He led her out into the vestibule, and the others heard him tell her that she must go home. These two had been orphans for some years, and the girl's home was with an aunt in Brooklyn. She pleaded for permission to remain, but her brother would not let her go to his rooms to wait for him, as she wished to do.

When he had returned to the parlor, Carter said: "I think you need not have sent your sister away. We have done all we can here, and my advice is that you leave the further investigation of the affair entirely to me."

He arose as if to take his leave, and glanced at Barr, who, despite this intimation, showed no disposition to recall his sister.

"Can you not give us more encouragement, Mr. Carter?" asked Mrs. Sturgis, anxiously. "What shall we do about the wedding to-morrow? You must know that the situation is very trying for me, not to mention Miss Behring's terrible anxiety."

"As to Mr. Corwin's safety," replied the detective, "you need have no fear. He will keep his word to you to-morrow, Miss Behring, if he can; but my present opinion is that it will be utterly impossible. I would advise you, Mrs. Sturgis, to act upon the theory that the wedding cannot take place. It is possible that I may have something more to report, this evening, but more probably it will be to-morrow forenoon."

Both Mrs. Sturgis and Mr. Barr begged him to be more explicit, to disclose his theory of the affair, but he could not be in-

duced to do so. When this intercession—in which Miss Behring did not join—was proven to be vain, the ladies were escorted to their carriage. When they had gone, Barr seemed to have some hope that Carter would speak more freely, but the detective maintained the same reticence. He got into the hansom which had brought him and Looney to the Gorham, and rode away alone. The valet was left in charge of his master's deserted apartments, and Barr returned alone.

About ten o'clock that evening, while the detective was at his home, he was informed that a lady wished to see him. He found Zelda Behring waiting in the reception-room.

"Mr. Carter," she said, "I have come to ask you one question: Can you find Mr. Corwin before Wednesday?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," responded Carter.

She looked at him keenly, her hands writhing with the intensity of her feeling.

"You speak with confidence," she said, at last, in a stifled tone.

"There is no doubt about it; none, whatever," he said, firmly. "You must set a later date."

"I wish I could read you fully," she said, as if involuntarily. "You see all this mystery, and I but a small part. Has he deserted me?"

"I have already told you, with perfect honesty, that he has not."

"Can money hasten you, or in any way help me to find him?" she asked. "Of course, I have not much. You are aware, I suppose, that I am almost dependent upon Mrs. Sturgis, and yet——"

"All the wealth in the world would not help you," said the detective. "You have only to be patient, relying upon his love and your own merits."

She struck the table between them with her clenched hand. And then, with seeming inconsequence, she demanded:

"Did you see Miss Barr? Did you read her? She loves him, and her brother worked hard to bring them together. He almost succeeded."

"Miss Barr had no part in this affair," said the detective.

"But her brother—— I could kill him!"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief," said Carter, "the person against whom your resentment should be directed is not Mr. Barr. It is some one whom I have not seen, whose name I do not yet know,

whose very existence I merely infer. Tell me, however, has Mr. Barr attempted to separate Mr. Corwin and yourself?"

"Frankly, Mr. Carter," she replied, "I do not know. He does not like me; he would like to see his sister win Archibald Corwin; but as to what he has done, I know nothing. Not a word has he ever said to me, or to Archie, that I am aware of; but I cannot help feeling that he is at the bottom of this plot."

"Dismiss such thoughts from your mind," said the detective. "They will not help you. And do not think of Wednesday as the wedding-day. It is too soon."

She looked keenly at him for fully a minute, while neither spoke. Then she slightly inclined her head, and walked out of the room. The detective attended her to the hired carriage in which she had come; but she did not even bid him good-by.

At nine o'clock the next morning the bell rang in Lawrence Barr's apartments—a little suite of three rooms which, all together, were not much larger than Corwin's parlor. It was about the hour when an attendant might be expected with a breakfast which Barr had ordered.

The young man opened his door, and, to his great surprise, confronted Carter.

"I'm sorry," he said, stepping out into the hall, "but I have a friend with me who is ill, and I'm afraid we might disturb him."

"If I tell you your friend's name," said Carter, "will it make you any more ready to admit me? He is in the bed-room, I suppose. You may close the door between the rooms, and rely upon my word that I will not try to open it."

Barr met Carter's glance for five seconds. Then he led the way into the room.

"Am I right in supposing," said the detective, "that you have a very strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Corwin?"

"The best and strongest that ever entered into my heart," was the reply. "Why? I give it up. The man has few of the qualities that I admire. He is not brilliant; he is neither aggressive nor daring; and I like a fellow full of every sort of devilry and desperation. Corwin hasn't a vice that wouldn't look like a virtue if I had it. But he is a man for all that, and as white and straight and loyal as God makes. I would do anything for him."

"You have proven that," said Carter, with a smile. "But some of your methods are a little obscure to me. For instance,

why did you tell a fairy story about those checks?"

"You mean the ones that Corwin drew?" stammered Barr.

"The same. Now, of course, you saw him draw them. How do I know? Why, my dear sir, the wavering penmanship that wandered from the lines indicated not intoxication, but a waning light. Could anything be clearer? To judge by his windows and the state of the weather on Friday afternoon, I would say that he drew the last check about twenty minutes of six. By your own statement, you were there."

"You are right," said Barr, "I was."

"Your falsehood was my best clew," Carter continued. "I suppose it was merely an inspiration of yours, coming to you when you and Looney looked at the checks. You noted the writing—and the date, which was natural enough, as they weren't to be used till next day—and it all fitted your story that Corwin returned to his rooms after the dinner."

"It was yourself, of course. I suppose you went to the door, heard the valet snoring, as you expected, and then entered by means of a key taken from your friend's pocket, and for the purpose of removing some of his clothes in order to make his disappearance look more natural. When you turned up the lights, Looney stopped snoring, and you fled. A prudent man like Corwin, by the way, would have quietly closed the door between the rooms before turning up the light, if he had intended to avoid waking the valet. That was one reason why I knew that Corwin had not been there."

"All this is true," said Barr.

"It is simple," rejoined Carter. "What I want to know is this: Who is coming from England on the steamer arriving Wednesday, and what does he know about Miss Behring that would prevent Corwin from marrying her?"

Barr pushed the hair back from his forehead, as he leaned across the table, and stared at Carter.

"I don't see how you worked this out," he said.

"Miss Behring gave me the date," replied the detective. "She received a cable message from England—as I've learned—about nine o'clock yesterday evening, and came down to my house as soon as possible afterwards to ask me whether Corwin would be back before Wednesday. She was in utter despair when I answered no. So that's all clear, isn't it?"

"Now, you got a letter from England a while ago, after which, as Looney tells me, you had a violent scene with Corwin. It looks as if you had sprung your information upon him; but you didn't try it on Miss Behring. She said so, and I knew she was telling the truth."

"I told Archie what I knew," said Barr, "and he made me promise to leave the matter entirely with him. Afterwards he told me that he had laid the accusation before her, and she had disproven it; but I don't believe he ever spoke of it to her."

"Probably not," said Carter. "My correspondent in England cables me that the scandal probably relates to a certain Col. Harwick, with whose name Miss Behring's was mildly connected in England. It seems that she followed him to South Africa, something over a year ago, under the chaperonage of the wife of her uncle, Major Rufus Behring. Harwick went to the front, but was invalidated back to Cape Town, and when nearly well enough to return to duty he was shot dead in the street by 'some person unknown.'"

"Zelda Behring did it," said Barr, excitedly. "It was because the man would not elope with her; and he had a wife in England. The deed couldn't be proven. It was hushed up, for this woman pulled strong wires out there. She was shipped hastily back to England, and then over here, to the arms of Mrs. Foster Sturgis, who, of course, knows nothing about the South African adventure."

"Exactly," said Carter. "Having reached that point, I had the passenger lists of the steamers due Wednesday cabled to me, and I spotted Harrison Tracy, the war correspondent, as your informant. Is he the man?"

Barr nodded.

"Here is his letter," he said, taking it out of a locked drawer in his desk. "'I see by the papers,' he read, 'that Archie Corwin thinks he is going to marry Zelda Behring on March 3'—you see he'd got the date a month too late—but he isn't. I will stop that. I'll shield a woman as long as any man will, but there's a limit. My testimony would have sent this woman to prison for life, for, Larry, old fellow, I actually saw her shoot the man. But I believe him as bad as herself, and fully entitled to what he got, so I kept my mouth shut about the glimpse from my window on the night of that tragedy. But a court of justice is one thing, and dear old Archie Corwin's wed-

ding is another altogether. I'll see that she doesn't get him."

"Tracy had sailed when this reached me, as I learned by cabling. He supposed the time to be ample, but as a matter of fact, he would reach here too late. So I laid the matter before Corwin, as I've told you."

"Then followed desperate scheming, I suppose," said the detective. "It was altogether the cleverest kidnapping I have ever heard of, but I'm afraid you had to run the risk of a drug."

Barr mopped his forehead.

"Trional, nothing stronger," said he, "but we gave him an awful dose. The steamer sailed at seven, you know. There was hardly a ghost of a chance that he would wake in time. We put him in Reeves' room, left him Reeves' ticket and plenty of money, and the last we saw of him he was the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus all rolled into one. We bribed the steward and everybody else not to wake him, saying that he was sleeping off a bachelor dinner. So Corwin dreamed peacefully in Reeves' stateroom, where he probably woke about noon the next day, when the ship was out of sight of land."

"Reeves and I came back here. It was the intention that he should slip away as soon as he had played his part with the elevator boy. I took him into my room to give him a last bracer, and here he fell ill."

"I knew there was somebody here," said Carter, "by the way you kept us all out of your room, yesterday. As Corwin hadn't paid his valet, it couldn't be he; and if not, it must be Reeves. I suppose he wore Corwin's overcoat and hat."

"Yes, and kept his collar turned up as was natural considering the weather. It was an easy game with a new boy on the elevator."

"It was all quite easy," said Carter, "and may be termed successful, if Corwin doesn't shoot you when he gets back from Gibraltar. By the way, have you told the truth to your sister?"

Barr blushed.

"I must, at once," he said. "As for Mrs. Sturgis and Zelda Behring—"

"The affair will remain a mystery till Thursday," said the detective.

On Wednesday forenoon, Harrison Tracy arrived. In the afternoon, he called upon Miss Behring, and was received with a bullet which ploughed a painful furrow up his right forearm as he was engaged in wresting the weapon

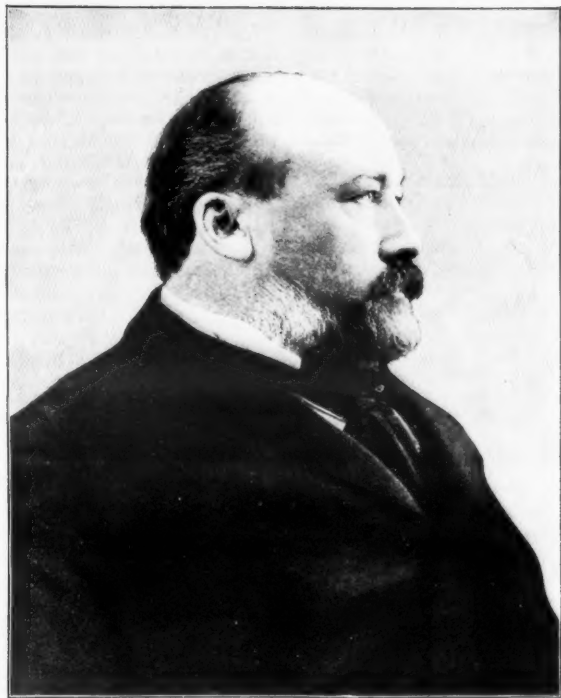
from the hand of the gentle Mr. Corwin's fiancée.

On Thursday Miss Behring sailed secretly for Havre, under a name not her own.

Eight days later Archie Corwin cabled from Gibraltar a message full of fire and brimstone, and it cost \$225 in cable tolls to make the true state of the case clear to him, and secure his forgiveness of his friend.



"Miss Behring sailed . . . for Havre, under a name not her own."



Notman photo.

Sir William Van Horne.

He was brought up on an Illinois farm, became a telegraph operator and then went into the railroad business. He has accomplished the most difficult feat of railroad building ever recorded, and has been knighted by the Queen of England.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

THE BUILDER OF THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THE general manager's make-shift private car had been standing on the stub-nosed spur since early morning, an object of awe and reverence to the army of Siwash and Chinese railroad laborers summoned from far and near in anticipation of a catastrophe.

Rising winds and the melting snows of spring had revived a score of mountain streamlets, changing them almost in a breath from purling brooks to menacing torrents, and causing them to bear impetuously toward a certain locality given on the map as Stoney Creek.

It was here in the very heart of the Cana-

dian Rockies that the giant trestle of the new road had stretched its wooden legs across from bank to bank like some great spider. And it was because of the fear that the costly framework—the framework which formed a necessary link between two important sections of the road building—would be imperiled by the rising waters that armies of laborers had been moved by night, that officials of every degree, and that even he, known familiarly as the "old man," hastened on foot, on construction trains and by private car to the scene.

The work, the hurry, the bustle of these pigmies with their rough costumes, rougher

speech and queer machines, were strangely out of place in this spot. The silent mountains closed in about them as if to hide their iconoclastic work. Interminable stretches of snow and ice glistened above them. Forests of pine and spruce and masses of hardy brush carpeted the lower levels of the great canyon. Gusts of wind sweeping down from above sent the smoke of the locomotives swirling in arabesques.

Far up at the summit of the mighty peaks the heat of the noon-day sun was turning the deep banks of snow into a network of little rivers, all of which seemed to converge with singular unanimity toward the spot away down the ravine where the railroad men were laboring like beavers in a desperate effort to strengthen the trestle.

There were men felling trees and men dragging great logs, men building trestles and braces and wooden bulwarks. There were men laboring to the utmost of their physical powers, and there were men directing their labors. And one man there was, sturdy, plainly dressed and calm of bearing, who directed the directors. He seemed to be everywhere, giving his personal attention to each detail of the work. He found the

spots claiming immediate attention, and measured accurately with his eyes the speed of the rising waters.

He superintended the unloading of rock brought by puffing engines, and assisted with his own hands in placing the heavy blocks of stone. He told the carpenters how to secure the huge wooden braces, the smiths where to fasten their iron clamps, and with it all never lost for one moment his cool, authoritative demeanor.

All through the day he drove the men and drove himself, and when the light of the fading sun vanished beyond the western peaks, he saw that the bridge was saved.

The Chinese laborers and the Siwash construction hands limped slowly to their little camp built here and there in the crevices, and along the ledge wrought for the tracks. As the shadows darkened into night, the general manager made a final tour of inspection, and withdrew, soiled and worn, to his car.

A few moments later the groups of tired men huddled about the camp-fire heard a strain of music mingling with the voice of the torrent, and the sigh of the winds in the pines. They exchanged wondering



An Example of the Difficulties of Construction on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

This photograph was taken from within a tunnel; there are three others to be seen, making four tunnels in the space of a mile.

glances, and asked one another the cause of the unexpected melody. They got up to find out. Presently the Siwash and the Chinese, the foremen and the skilled mechanics were standing at a respectable distance from the private car, gazing wondering through a

cross-roads settlement called Chelsea, fourteen miles from Chicago. The farmer was a lawyer of some local repute, but failing fortune compelled his son William to enter the service of a farmer at an early age.

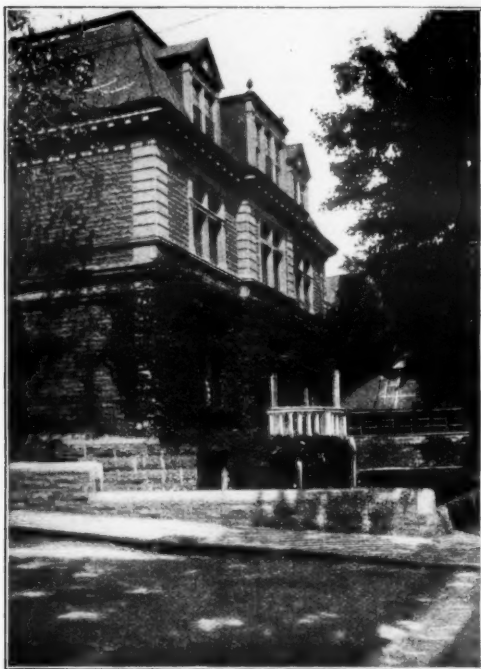
William hoed potatoes and curried horses, but, unlike the subjects of the ordinary biography, he did both very badly indeed. He was a lad to dream, and to see visions of future greatness. He read every book obtainable, and drew crude maps of engines and of ships. One day he took up the study of telegraphy. It was an inspiration, one of those trifling acts in a man's career which sometimes forms the turning point in his career.

William Van Horne soon withdrew from the farm and entered the service of the Illinois Central as a cub telegraph operator. This was when the road was under the management of General McClellan and Ackerman and other early-day managers. The new operator received forty dollars a month, a munificent salary for a boy whose only training had been bounded by the rail fences of an Illinois farm. It is said of him in those days:

"He learned to fiddle a little and drum a piano, and, having a talent for drawing, he began to cultivate art. He once drew a caricature of General McClellan on the brown painted side of his telegraph station on the Illinois Central, which came near costing him his place. The picture represented General McClellan in full regiments, but in a dangerously undignified attitude."

This was but the exuberance of the boy; he had not seen then the scope of the world or realized what it had in store for him. The position of operator was the first step in a railway career destined to prove remarkable. It was the first round in a ladder of uninterrupted success, a ladder covering the gamut of railroad positions, and ending in the absolute control of the Canadian Pacific, the greatest railway system on earth, and in a British knighthood.

William Van Horne's earlier years after his operator's experience were spent in and about Chicago. He filled scores of positions, each better than the other until about 1879, when he was appointed general superintendent



The Residence of Sir William Van Horne, at Montreal.

window at a toil-stained man seated just within. Tucked under the bearded chin was a violin; a bow, grasped tenderly by a hand still bearing the stain of work, passed slowly across the strings. An aria from Gounod floated out into the night.

"Say, fellows, it's Van Horne himself," commented one of a trio of engineers in the group surrounding the car.

"Yes, and it's a sign that he's satisfied with the day's work," replied another. "The old man plays that trembly sort of a piece when he's pleased, and he plays it like he works, and like he paints pictures, and like he manages men—a little better than any one else on this here earth."

In February, 1843, a boy was born in the Van Horne family, then living in a small

ent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. His big brain, his intense personality, his tremendous energy, and his ready grasp of every railway problem made him even then a conspicuous figure among railway men. It probably would have been better for the American roads if William Van Horne had remained on this side of the line. Certain it is that he could not but have added to the progress of any undertaking with which he might have been connected.

It was not to be, however. That same hand of fate which had lifted him from the farm to the telegraph office, and from the telegraph office through various stages to the superintendency of an important road, was about to carry him into another country, and to a work destined to form one of the most conspicuous chapters in the world's railway history.

While William Van Horne was overseeing the welfare of the St. Paul road, events of future importance to him were unfolding north of the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

It is a common remark up there to-day that Sir William Van Horne is the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Pacific is Canada. Yet when the wonderful railway was first projected, Sir William had not been thought of in its connection.

A railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the way on British soil, had been the subject of discussion and planning for almost half a century. In 1867, on the confederation of the British North American Provinces, its realization was found to be a political necessity. With the newly formed union came a renewed envy, if it might be so termed, of the prosperity of its southern neighbor, the United States; and there was an almost unanimous belief that a trans-continental railroad was necessary to the well-being and the growth of the country.

In 1875 the government of the new Dominion of Canada set about the building of the Canadian Pacific, a task of such vast moment that the richest empire of Europe might well have hesitated before entering upon it. Previous railroad construction had been child's play compared with this project which proposed venturing with bands of steel into regions hitherto unexplored, and lying in a country certain to offer formidable obstacles. Toward the east, all about Lake Superior and beyond to Red River, was a vast rocky region, where nature in her younger days had run riot, and where deep lakes and mighty rivers in every direction opposed the progress of the engineers. Beyond Red River for a thousand miles stretched a great plain, known only to the



"The Great Divide," in the Heart of the Rockies.

Water formed here from melting snows flows west to the Pacific and north to Hudson's Bay.

wild Indian and the fur trader; then came the mountains, the imperturbable ranges of rock, which lay like a Cyclopean wall between the plains and the distant Pacific. Through all this, for a distance of nearly three thousand miles, the railway surveys

The history of these five years would make interesting reading, giving, as it would, an insight into the strenuous efforts of three administrations to complete a project so dear to the Canadian heart and so important to the future of Canada, but the limits of a magazine article render such a description impossible. It is enough to say that by 1880 the subject of the building of the Canadian Pacific had engrossed a whole nation. Ministries had risen and been humbled to the dust again, the press had made it the paramount subject of discussion, cities and hamlets had voted upon it, and the citizens in the streets and in the country lanes had it ever upon their tongues.

Finally, in what seemed a very spirit of desperation, it was decided by common consent to surrender the work to a private company. In 1879 a small syndicate of Canadians and Americans had purchased the rights and franchises of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. They had at once set about extending the road northward, and were doing such excellent work that when it came to a question of selecting a private company to complete the C. P. R. the government turned to this syndicate.

A contract was entered into with its members, with some others added, to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway. By the terms of the contract the syndicate undertook to form a company to build the road from Callander, a town near Lake Nipissing in Ontario, to the Pacific, and afterwards to operate it, for a consideration of \$25,000,000 and twenty-five million acres of land in the "Fertile Belt," with the right of way through public lands, and the necessary ground for stations, docks and wharves. In addition to this those sections of the road built by the government were to be handed



Kicking Horse Pass.
A tough problem for railroad builders.

had first to be made, and that before a pick could be placed into the ground or a rail laid. The surveys were commenced in due time, but it was not until 1875 that the actual work of construction began.

It is a well understood fact that the machinery of the government under any circumstances is ill-adapted to the carrying-on of such an enterprise, and it was so in connection with the new railroad through Canada. Governments changed, new parties came into power, and a multitude of delays occurred, until finally five years had passed without material progress in the work.

over to the new company. On the ratification of the agreement for the construction of the transcontinental road, the syndicate formed a company, the original capital of which was \$5,000,000 at par. On the formation of the company, work was at once commenced on the road.

The explorations and surveys for the railway had made known the character of the country to be traversed. The railway system of Eastern Canada had already advanced far up the Ottawa Valley, attracted mainly by the rapidly growing traffic from the pine forests, and it was from a point almost in connection with this system that the new Canadian Pacific Railway was to be carried to the Pacific Coast, a distance of 2,550 miles. One section of 425 miles between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, and another of 213 miles from Burrard Inlet, on the Pacific Coast, eastward to Kamloops Lake, in British Columbia, were already under construction by the government. This left 1,920 miles to be completed.

On the 15th of February, 1881, the first sod of the new Canadian Pacific Railway was turned, and before the end of the year 163 miles had been built on the prairie westward from Winnipeg. By this time, however, the directors and their financial agents in Europe had found that there were difficulties in the way of raising the requisite money. Opposition, secret and open, both at home and abroad, created a distrust of the undertaking, so that the managers of the charter were in the position of having a work on hand in which delay meant heavy loss and possible complications with the government, while the money necessary to proceed with due speed was not forthcoming. Moreover, money was wanted for perfecting necessary connections. It had already become clear to those responsible for the success of the en-

terprise that the road could not be left with its Eastern terminus in the wilderness, dependent on communications provided by other people, and without sufficient Eastern connections for originating and transferring business. Fully realizing this, the company



Stoney Creek Bridge.

The highest bridge on the line; three hundred feet above the water.

made an effort and secured sufficient money with which to purchase several small roads and to lease others. Following this move came a little reaction, but the horizon of the gigantic enterprise soon became overclouded once more.

It was at this time that attention was called by the enemies of the road to the contract made with the government providing for the completion of the uninterrupted line within ten years. They declared this was impossible, as the formidable obstacles found along the north shore of Lake Superior could not be overcome in twice the stipulated length of time, and furthermore that

the north shore section would never be built because, they felt assured, other routes would in the meantime have come into being, rendering the construction around Lake Superior unnecessary. There was indecision and hesitancy, delay and bickering, and then a man stepped into the breach.

A month or two earlier a new incumbent had been secured for the position of general manager of the road. The need for a practical railroad man had caused the projectors of the company to look about them, and they finally offered the position to the then superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway—William Cornelius Van Horne.

This was an important step, as it really meant failure or success to the company. The compliment thus paid to the American railway man who, starting in life on a farm, had worked his way up to a position high in railway circles, cannot be overestimated. It practically meant saying to this son of Illinois, this foreigner, "Here, we have reached our last ditch. Our future depends upon you. Now save us if you can."

Students of latter-day Canadian history like to dwell upon this part of the Canadian Pacific's story. To them it means an epic

decey the building of the north shore section—that along the upper end of Lake Superior—Van Horne promptly advocated the retention of the original plan, and insisted that an all-Canadian line was absolutely necessary. His opinions, backed by the extraordinary influence he had already commenced to exercise over his associates, were accepted, and he plunged into the work with all the strength of his iron nature. His first task was to attack the wilderness on the north of Lake Superior.

Twelve thousand railroad navvies, and from 1,500 to 2,000 teams of horses were set to work, involving the use of a dozen steamers for the transport of material and provisions. It was a small army in number, but its motive, creation instead of extinction, made its work of wonderful interest. The problem boldly faced by the new general manager was one calculated to daunt the most venturesome and daring spirit. In his preliminary and personal survey he had found what he afterward characterized as "200 miles of engineering impossibilities." The country it was necessary to cross was a waste of forest, rock and muskeg (bog), out of which almost every mile of road was hewn, blasted, or filled up, and in places the filling-up of muskegs proved to be a most difficult task.

There were moments during the work when even William Van Horne's stout heart almost failed him. Discouraging reports from surveyors and engineers, the discovery of unexpected obstacles, and the varied phases of weather, rain following cold and floods following rain, made the task hard beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. But there was that in the old Dutch stock of the Van Hornes, and perchance, in the American spirit of the Illinois-born man, which caused him to hammer away at the problem

until he finally succeeded. It is well to say in passing, that if William Van Horne had accomplished nothing else, his victory over the engineering difficulties afforded by the line along Lake Superior's north shore would give him fame enough for one man.



This Photograph Shows a Peculiarity of Construction Found Only on the Canadian-Pacific.

Climatic conditions render two systems of tracks necessary. The one under the shed is the winter track; the other is used in summer.

of individual prowess, the warfare of a strong man—strong mentally and physically—against almost insurmountable obstacles.

Within six weeks of his appointment William Van Horne made his presence felt. When the enemies of the road began to

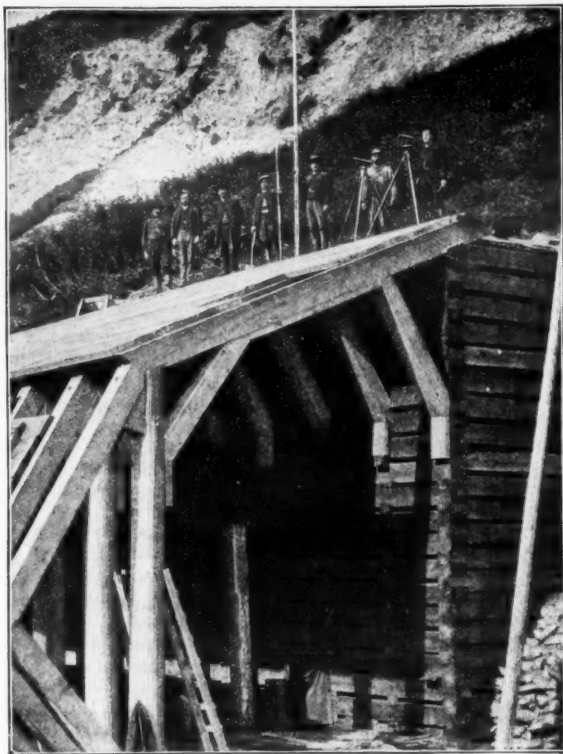
While the work of constructing the Lake Superior north coast line was progressing other portions of the great systems were receiving the attention of the tireless general manager and his assistants. The Rocky Mountains, that formidable barrier of interminable snow peaks, had to be pierced.

To those who have traveled over the Canadian-Pacific from Montreal to Vancouver the feat of building even a single track railroad under such conditions and through such a marvelous country is almost past understanding. The obstacles presented along the north shore fade into insignificance when compared with those encountered after entering the majestic Rockies. Every conceivable engineering problem was encountered and overcome. Trestles, bridges, cuts and fills without number were employed, and to achieve all this money was spent with a liberal hand. It was like campaigning in a hostile country. To rout the forces of nature called for a vast army of men, and this army required a commissary corps as efficient as one accompanying a military body. Pick and shovel, dynamite and blasting powder, formed the weapons of offense; temporary rails and engines the transportation; great hordes of Chinese and Indians the rank and file; intrepid and skillful Canadian, English and American engineers the staff, and at the head of it all, the general-in-chief, was William Van Horne, the Illinois boy who, twenty years before, had started in his railroad career as a cub telegraph operator.

To appreciate the stupendous task accomplished by these hardy men in the Canadian Rockies requires a personal visit to the scene. Mere word pictures are powerless to portray adequately the manner in which they fought and conquered the thousand and one

obstacles daily encountered by them. Practically every foot of the mountain division of the road was contested, and probably every mile of tunnel and track was sealed with the blood of man.

The bridging of fathomless chasms and



Snow-shed on the Canadian Pacific.

There are thirty-two miles of shed on the road, which cost \$64,000 a foot to build; or a total of more than \$10,000,000.

the piercing of many mountains were accomplished only after herculean labor and much suffering physically. There are bridges on this mountain division that hang in air—mere spider webs of iron—three hundred and odd feet above the river they span. There are places where old masonry is plastered, so to speak, against the solid rock of mountains. There are ledges midway between heaven and earth, and elevations where the whirling trains plunge headlong into clouds, and deep, cool ravines where the roadbed disputes with the darkness the realm of mysterious mountain torrents.

There are miles of tunnels and bridges without number. On the mountain division alone the exigencies of the winter season compelled the construction company to build thirty-two miles of snowshed, and that at the enormous cost of \$64 a lineal foot. Over ten millions of dollars expended as a preliminary precaution against snow!

Small wonder that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, honored the man who faced all these problems and was daring enough to undertake such a colossal task, with a knighthood of the distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George!

While the mountain division was being carried through, the government's contractors had finished certain other portions of the road, enabling the company of which William Van Horne was general manager, to take possession in conformity with the terms of the contract, and to connect the Pacific portion of the line with that coming from the East.

Finally, one rainy day, the 7th of November, 1885, a party of men assembled in the modest settlement of Craigellachie, a short distance west of the Columbia River, and one of the party, Sir Donald A. Smith, drove the last spike of the connecting rail, thus establishing a railway from ocean to ocean within Canadian territory.

That picturesque ceremony was of unbounded interest to the American people for two reasons. First, because it meant the completion of a railway destined to become a formidable factor in the carrying trade of the North American continent; secondly, because, assisting in the ceremony, was a man of their own kind who with his own brains and with his own hands had added to the list of great human achievements one of enormous and far-reaching proportions.

In the history of great enterprises the work itself must always take second place. Human interest lies in the man or men who planned and accomplished the work. It has already been said in this article that Sir William Van Horne, to give him his title, could rest his fame solely upon the building of the Canadian-Pacific. But he is more than a general manager, or a president, or a railway builder. He has been compared to Cecil Rhodes from the standpoint of marvelous versatility. He is an artist of undoubted

ability, and a *connoisseur* in music. He reads Spanish, Italian and Japanese with facility, and has made an exhaustive study of the art, history and literature of Japan. His interest in the latter country has caused him to undertake an extended history of Japanese art which will be published in many volumes, illustrated in color by Sir William himself, with sketches of all the exquisite gems in his own collection.

In his palatial home in Montreal this product of Illinois soil has a magnificent collection of paintings, ancient and modern. The Dutch seventeenth century school is largely in evidence, while modern French, English and Spanish are represented. In addition to the engrossing cares of a railroad magnate, having under his supervision a gigantic corporation valued at two hundred million dollars, Sir William has found time to become a prosperous amateur farmer in two provinces, and to cultivate special species of mushrooms. To-day he is still comparatively young—only fifty-seven years of age—and from all appearances he has barely commenced to employ his talents.

A short time ago a special writer visited Montreal for the purpose of securing material for several magazine articles. One was on the Canadian-Pacific. To obtain this he interviewed Sir William Van Horne. The next subject on his list was the paper pulp industry. He applied to a Canadian paper company, and met with this reply:

"If you want anything on that subject see Sir William Van Horne. He is at the head of the largest paper pulp concern in the country."

The third item called for information about the new coal and iron developments at Sydney, Cape Breton. A visit to a Montreal trade review resulted in this response:

"Better see Sir William Van Horne. He has the largest interests there."

The special writer finally returned to New York. A commission from a prominent weekly figured in the mail awaiting his return. It called for an article on a new Cuban commercial syndicate, one recently organized on a stupendous financial scale. The letter from the weekly paper ended with these words:

"The information, in all probability, can be obtained from Sir William Van Horne. He heads the syndicate."



by · JOE · LINCOLN ·

"THE best woman on Cape Cod or anywheres else; that's what I call her. Fust time ever I see her, I says ter myself, 'Shadrach Peters,' says I, 'that's the lady you've been lookin' fer all these years.' I made up my mind then that she was goin' ter be my wife, and what I once say I stand behind. You know me."

The coasting schooner *Guess Again*, of Falmouth, Mass., Shadrach Peters, master, was rolling and pounding through the icy waters of Vineyard Sound. Capt. Peters, who had just made the assertion above quoted, was seated on the locker at one side of her cabin, with his feet braced against the stationary table. His first mate, Mr. Alvin Small, was seated opposite, with his feet braced against the side of the table.

"Yes, sir-ee!" went on Captain Peters; "Sophrony Baker is all right. She's a widder, she is, and they tell me that she's got two of the nicest boys ever was. I ain't never seen 'em, 'cause last September, when I was in Orham, they was visitin' their uncle over in Barnstable, but I feel it in my bones that 'twould be a pleasure ter be a father ter them boys."

"What I don't understand," said the mate, slowly, "is what you're goin' ter do with them things."

"Them things" were prominently displayed on the cabin table. There was a red coat, short, and trimmed with cheap fur; red trousers, fur trimmed like the coat; a big fur hat, fur topped boots, and a white wig and long white beard. Such was the

collection which called forth the mate's wonder.

"I cal'lated they'd puzzle yer," said the skipper, rather proudly; "but they're part of my scheme. Here's t'other part."

He pulled from the locker beside him a canvas bag. Opening it, he displayed wooden horses, tin soldiers, pop guns, and toys of various descriptions. "Now yer see, don't yer?" he said; "Santy Claus."

"Santy Claus?" said the mate, who began to look as if he entertained suspicions of his superior's sanity.

"Yes, Santy Claus. When yer want ter please a girl yer tell her how pretty she is; ain't that so? When yer want ter please a woman yer tell her she looks younger than she ever did; ain't that so? Well, when yer want ter make a ten-strike with a mother, yer do yer best ter stand in with her children; ain't that so?"

Mr. Small said he wouldn't wonder if 'twas.

"You bet it is!" said the skipper, enthusiastically. "Well, now yer understand I ain't never asked Sophrony if she'd have me, but, from what I've gathered in the ha'f-dozen times I see her, I figgered that she wa'n't dead sot agin me. But I want ter sort of clinch things, yer understand, so this is my scheme. She told me once that she allers had a Christmas tree fer the children on Christmas Eve. Ter-night'll be Christmas Eve, and my idee is ter run the *Guess Again* inter Orham harbor, 'stead of keepin' on ter Boston. Then I'll take my

bundles over ter the shore, lug 'em up somewheres near her house, rig up in my Santy Claus duds and bust in on 'em jest as they're havin' the tree. Presents fer the boys, oceans of 'em. Then I'll say ter the widdler, 'Mebbe you think old Santy didn't bring *you* nothin', but he did. Here, that's fer you.'"

"That," held out for inspection on the captain's sunburned paw, was a somewhat showy but expensive ring. The mate's eyes expressed admiration and astonishment. The skipper continued.

"'That's fer you,' I'll say, 'on one condition. Yer must take me with it.' Hey, how is that?"

"Bully!" said the mate.

"Ain't it bully? Yer see, the children will be awful tickled, and she'll be pleased ter think I took so much pains ter please them, and the ring'll show her that I don't mean ter be stingy with her, and take it all tergether, it looks ter me like a winnin' combination. But of course I ain't had no experience. You think 'twill fetch her, don't yer?"

"Sure," said Mr. Small, with convincing enthusiasm.

"And you'll stick by me, land me in the dory, and won't say nawthin' ter the second mate ner none of the hands?"

"Sartin I will."

"Alvin," said the skipper, with emotion, "you're a brick. Mebbe I can do as much fer you some day. Have a cigar. Blessed if I ain't gittin' narvous already."

It was the ice in the lower bay which threatened to wreck the captain's wonderful scheme. The *Guess Again* battered and plowed her way through the floating fragments, but her progress was provokingly slow. Twilight found her some miles from the mouth of Orham harbor, and with the pack ice ahead impenetrable.

"Tide's settin' in," said the exas-

perated skipper. "This stuff won't loosen up none till ebb, and that's an all night job. Everything's up spout. I never did have no luck."

"I was jest wond'rin', captain," drawled the moderate Mr. Small; "if 'twouldn't be possible ter set yer ashore in the dory somewheres along here. Seems ter me you said the lady lived down ter the north'ard end of the town, and there seems ter be consider'ble open water over ter le'ward here. You'd have ter walk three or four mile, but bein' as it's so important—"

"Don't say another word, Alvin," cried the delighted skipper; "I don't see why I didn't think of that myself. Shows two heads are better'n one, don't it? And I won't have ter walk no four mile, neither. D'yer see that inlet over there with the streak of open water through it? Well, that's Eel Crick, and Eel Crick is the outlet of the Clam Pond. What's the matter with you rowin' me up the crick and the length of the pond—two mile, or mebbe three? Sophrony's house is only a little ways from the upper end of the pond."

"But won't the pond be froze over?"

"'Tain't likely. It's salt water, and there oughter be a strong tide. Anyhow, we'll resk it; come on."

Capt. Peters went below to pack up his costume and presents, while Mr. Small superintended the anchoring of the schooner and getting the dory over side. When the skipper and he pushed off they left a second mate and crew bubbling over with curiosity. The bundles which the dory carried were conjectured to contain anything from burglars' "swag" to smuggled whiskey.

Eel Creek was open for its entire length, but Clam Pond appeared, unfortunately, to be frozen all over. It was dark by this time, and the mate advised returning to the schooner and giving up the expe-



"Shadrach Peters, Master of the *Guess Again*, Falmouth, Mass."

dition for the night, but the anxious lover would listen to no such proposition.

"I'll walk acrost the pond on the ice," he said; "it 'pears ter be solid enough fur's we can see, and it's by long odds the shortest cut ter Sophrony's. Chuck out them bundles and I'll start."

But the bundles were heavy and very clumsy. The captain tried carrying them in various positions, but ended by throwing them down on the ice and swearing vehemently. Then the mate had another idea.

"I tell yer, Cap'n Shad," he said; "there ain't no use in luggin' them Santy Claus duds. You put 'em on and I'll take your other clothes back ter the schooner. Ter-morrer I'll bring 'em round ter the hotel."

all right. What in time are yer grinnin' at?"

"Oh, nawthin'," gasped the purple-faced Mr. Small; "I was only goin' ter—ha—he—sneeze."

He tramped off into the darkness, leaving his subordinate to roll about in the bottom of the dory with his hands tightly clasped over his mouth.

The captain's walk began well. The night air was crisp and bracing, the ice appeared to be firm and to extend over the entire surface of the pond. But one cannot see far on a dark night, and salt water ice at its best is treacherous stuff.

An hour later the stars were treated to the somewhat unusual spectacle of a nauti-



"'It's Santy Claus!' screamed the children. 'Hooray!'"

The Guess Again will be in the harbor by mornin', more'n likely."

"Hotel! Yer don' s'pose I'd go ter a hotel in them red fire signals, do yer? That ain't a bad idee of yours, though. I tell yer what. I'll ask the widder ter let me sleep in her barn ter-night, and you git my reg'lar clothes round early in the mornin'."

It was a chilly change and a slow one, for the captain persisted in dancing about on one leg and yelling adjectives at the cold. At length, however, he stood forth garbed in the red suit.

"Are yer goin' ter put on the wig and whiskers?" asked the mate.

"Yes, yes; I'll put 'em on. It's the easiest way ter lug 'em. Besides, mebbe they'll keep my ears warm. There, that's

cal Santa Claus, seated upon his pack in the middle of a floating cake of ice, and expressing his opinion of the situation with fluent and blasphemous vigor.

On Christmas morning, just after breakfast, Peter Baker, aged eleven, commonly known as "Spuds," was on his way to the Clam Pond to test his new rubber boots at the "Spring Hole."

The "Spring Hole" is the name given by the townspeople to a portion of the waters of the pond lying along the northern shore. It is half a mile long and nearly as wide, and does not freeze except in the very coldest weather.

Peter was accompanied by his bosom friend, whose age was nine, and who rejoiced in the nickname of "Gizzard." This

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personage had been christened Hartwell Doane, but Hartwell, in the mouths of his playmates, soon shrank to "Hart," and from heart to gizzard is but a step. Peter's younger brother Abner accompanied the party, but, as he was only six years old and played with dolls, he didn't count.

The rubber boots were a Christmas present. Peter had wanted a mechanical locomotive and a blank cartridge pistol, but had received the boots and a "Young People's History" instead. He was wroth, but the boots were there, so he felt it his duty to see how deep he could wade without "go'in' over the tops of 'em," which has been the test of rubber boots since boyhood first made their acquaintance.

When the boys came in sight of the pond Abner ran on ahead, while Peter and Hartwell followed more leisurely, as becomes people of experience and big boots.

"What's Ab yellin' about?" queried Hartwell.

Abner, standing at the top of the sand bluff overlooking the "Spring Hole," was dancing and screaming in great excitement.

"Santy Claus!" he screamed; "Santy Claus!"

"He *b'lieves* in him," said Peter, scornfully; "he ain't old enough ter know that Santy Claus is jest yer folks. What about Santy Claus, Ab?" he yelled.

"He's down here. Hurry up! *Quick!*"

"Sees somebody he thinks is Santy," commented Hartwell. "He don't know any better. Ain't nothin' but a kid. What is it, Abby? Jiminy crickets! Spuds, look there."

The "Spring Hole" was steely blue in the morning sun, and two or three cakes of ice were drifting about its surface. One of these was floating about fifty yards from the shore below, and on it sat a figure dressed in red, with a fur hat and white hair and whiskers.

"By gum!" said Hartwell; "I b'lieve it *is* Santy Claus."

"There ain't no such thing," said Peter; "and you know it, Gizzard. It's some feller dressed up."

"He hollered ter me," said Abner. "There, he's hollerin' ag'in."

"What did he say, Spuds?" said Hartwell, after they had listened for a moment.

"Said fer us ter take Gabe Blanchard's dory and come and git him ashore."

The figure again hailed them.

"He swore then," said Peter; "that proves it ain't Santy Claus. Santy Claus wouldn't swear."

"Yes, he would," declared Abner, stoutly, "if he was floatin' round the Spring Hole on a cake of ice."

"Let's go git him off, anyhow," said Hartwell, and they scrambled down the bluff to the beach. Gabe Blanchard's dory, which he used for visiting his oyster bed, was anchored close to shore. The boys climbed in, and the two older ones took the oars.

"He's settin' on his bag of presents," announced Abner, who was perched in the bow; "I bet there's all kind of dandy things in there."

"Hold on a minute," said Peter; "I've thought of somethin'! Stop rowin', Gizzard. Who are you?" he called to the voyager.

The captain did not answer. He had acquaintances in Orham, and he much preferred that the news of his mishap should not reach their ears. He was trying to invent a name, when Abner saved him the trouble.

"Ain't you Santy Claus?" called the latter.

"Yes, that's it; that's who I am," cried Captain Peters; "I'm Santy Claus."

"What'll yer give us if we take yer off?" asked Peter.

"Give yer? Give yer? Why, I'll give yer each a present out of my bag."

"Is that bag full of presents?"

"Sartin'."

"All right, then," cried the triumphant "Spuds," "we'll take yer off if yer'll give us the whole bag full."

"The whole bag full!" gasped the indignant captain. "Why, you greedy little brats, I'll give yer what Paddy give the drum, that's what I'll give yer. The whole bag full! You come here and put me ashore mighty quick."

"Not unless you give us that bag of presents. If you're Santy Claus you can git lots more. Besides, you've been mighty stingy ter me and Gizzard this year. I didn't want yer old rubber boots and hist'ries, and he didn't want no worsted tippet, neither. Will yer give us the bag?"

"No!" roared the captain.

"All right. Pull fer the shore, Gizzie."

The dory's bow swung toward the beach, and the captain changed his mind. It would be only a temporary loan, he argued. He could regain his property as soon as he got aboard the dory.

"I'll give 'em ter yer," he called. "Come on and take me off."

"Not till we git them presents. We'll

stay here, and you can undo the bag and pitch 'em to us, one at a time."

It was galling, but to argue was useless. The bag was opened, and the toys tossed one by one into the hands of the boys in the dory. The empty bag was then thrown in, and the bankrupt Santa Claus again demanded to be taken aboard the boat. But the crafty Peter knew better than to allow it. He untied the rope from the dory's anchor and tossed the free end to the captain.

"Hold on ter that and we'll tow yer in," he said. "Abner, put them things back in the bag."

Slowly the dory with the ice cake in tow neared the beach. As the boat's bow touched the shore, Peter and Hartwell, with the bag of presents between them, leaped to the sand and scampered up the face of the bluff. By the time the captain had pulled his clumsy craft to land they were high up on the crest of the hill.

"You young rascals," roared the irate skipper; "I'll see you some other day. There's a good time comin'."

Another than Capt. Shadrach Peters would have returned to the schooner and have postponed his call upon the widow till a more auspicious occasion, but the skipper of the *Guess Again* was determination itself. He had said that he was going there, and what he said he stood behind. People knew him. He determined to wear the wig and whiskers, as they might serve to conceal his identity should he meet any of his Orham acquaintances.

Little Abner Baker had not fled with his elder brother and Hartwell, but had hidden

behind Blanchard's fish shanty. He had determined in his small brain that the chance of gazing upon Santa Claus did not offer itself twice in a lifetime, and that he ought to make the best of it. He resisted the longing to examine the contents of the bag, and when Capt. Peters started down the lane that led to Mrs. Baker's, Abner followed him.

Jimmie Ellis was leaning over his front fence, and Abner hailed him. "Come on, Jimmie," he screamed, "it's Santy Claus!"

Jimmie's yell of delighted surprise brought out five other little Ellis hopefuls, and the captain's following grew in numbers. He turned, saw his satellites, and quickened his pace.

"It's Santy Claus!" screamed the children. "Hooray!"

Otis Gaines' numerous progeny joined the troop. So did the Bellows youngsters. The captain's progress was becoming a triumphal procession. Ahead, where the houses were more numerous, windows were opening and people were hurrying to their



"'Sophrony Baker, can you look me in the face and say you don't know me?'"

front gates. Children were racing from all directions. The skipper left the lane and began to run across the fields. His whooping pursuers did likewise, and the chase was on.

It led over hills and through bushes. Across the surface of frozen flooded cranberry swamps, and over stone walls and fences. The crowd now included men as well as boys, and the shouting was tremendous. The fur hat was left hanging on the wild cherry bough which scraped it off. One furred boot stuck in the mud, when the foot which it adorned broke through the ice of

Ziby Fisher's ditch. The knees of the red trousers were scraped through on the frozen hummocks of Nickerson's field. It was a panting, ragged wreck of a Santa Claus, who, after shaking off his pursuers in the pine grove behind the Widow Baker's domicile, crept down in the shadow of the stone wall and dodged in at the kitchen door.

The kitchen was empty, and the skipper sat down in a chair and regained his breath. His temper was entirely gone, but it was some satisfaction to know that he had reached his destination unrecognized.

"They may find out about it afterwards," he soliloquized; "but mebbe I'll have some-*thin'* ter show fer it then."

He heard voices in the parlor and surmised that they were those of the widow and her boys, but, when he tiptoed to the door and peeped through the crack, he saw that he was mistaken.

The widow was there, but the boys were not. She was talking with a man whom Peters did not know, but whom he disliked at first sight. He was a fat, smiling, smooth-shaven fellow, and a glib talker. It was plain that he was very well satisfied with himself, and thought every one else shared his opinion. Then, too, his chair was much too near the widow's, and he beamed upon that lady in a manner which the captain considered disgusting.

"Yes," said the smiling individual, "they cal'late he was an escaped lunatic, though where he come from nobody knows. He was dressed in some sort of an outlandish rig with fur onto it, and the boys say he told 'em he was Santy Claus. Haw, haw, ha!"

"A lunatic!" exclaimed the widow; "how dreadful! I declare I'm afraid ter stay here alone. Suppose he should run right inter this house."

"Well, I thought of that, Sophrony. That's one reason why I called. Seem's if you needed a man ter protect yer, don't it? Now there wouldn't no lunatics hurt yer if I was here."

The significant look which accompanied this speech fired the captain's soul. It was with difficulty that he held himself in check, and waited for the next sentence.

"Now, Sophrony, I think a heap of you, and you know it. That's why I says ter myself, 'Barnabas Badger,' says I, 'that business of Sophrony's has hung fire long enough. It's time you stepped round and made her yer offer.' So here I be, and I'm goin' ter make it. Sophrony——"

"Hold yer tongue!"

The widow screamed and sprang to her feet. Mr. Badger's chair, which had been tilted back upon its two rear legs, tilted still further and deposited its occupant in an ungraceful heap upon the floor. Capt. Shadrach Peters stood in the middle of the parlor carpet.

"You git!" roared the captain, addressing the prostrate Mr. Badger and pointing to the door.

"Lord! it's the lunatic!" gasped the fallen one.

"Oh, Barnabas, protect me!" screamed the widow.

"Who—who are you?" faltered the champion thus appealed to.

"Never you mind. I ain't used ter havin' ter repeat my orders, and if you ain't out of here in one minute, you'll have a lesson in flyin'. What I say I stand behind. That's what folks say who know *me*. Now *git*!"

"Oh, Barnabas, don't go!" pleaded the trembling Sophrony.

"I—I—guess I'd better, so's ter git help," stammered Mr. Badger; "I—guess—perhaps—I—had." The last word was spoken in the dining-room. The protector had fled.

"Now, then, Sophrony," said Capt. Peters, "I'm sorry ter bounce your company in that fashion, but I ain't been through what I've been through jest ter stand by and see another chap make his offer ahead of me. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Baker gazed with terror-stricken eyes at the mud-bespattered, bedraggled object before her.

"Marry you?" she repeated. "Why, I don't know you."

"Don't know me! Sophrony Baker, can you look me in the face and say you don't know me?"

The captain's wig was over one eye, his false beard was pulled up under the left ear, his nose was scratched and so were his cheeks.

"Well, well!" said the skipper, mournfully, "I knew I'd been through enough ter turn a body's hair gray, but I'm blessed if I thought 'twould change me so my friends wouldn't know me." He put his hand to his face. "Good land!" he ejaculated, "I forgot I had on them trimmin's."

He tore off the wig and whiskers.

"Now d'yer know me?" he roared.

"Why—why, I do believe it's Captain Peters!" cried the astonished widow. "What does it all mean?"

Then Capt. Shadrach Peters unfolded

a plain, unvarnished tale. He told of his scheme for pleasing and surprising the widow and her children. He told how he went astray in the dark, and, after several narrow escapes, stepped upon a brittle tongue of ice, which broke and floated with him out into the "Spring Hole." He feelingly narrated the story of the robbery of his bag of presents. He described the chase and its mishaps. But more than all, he dwelt upon his undying devotion for Sophronia Baker.

"But Cap'n Peters," said the blushing Sophronia, "how am I to know that you really care for me?"

"How?" repeated the dilapidated suitor, looking down at the remains of his costume.

"Oh, well, then," said the matter-of-fact Mrs. Baker, "if that's the case then I'd better say yes at once and save time. But really, Shadrach," she added, "I ought to tell you that that gentleman was only my Cousin Barnabas, who has been talkin' of buyin' my wood lot and who'd come to offer me a price for it."

When the valiant Mr. Badger returned to his cousin's residence, he was accompanied by a hundred men and boys armed with pitchforks, clubs and brickbats. They were prepared to capture the lunatic at all hazards, but they were not prepared to have that person meet them at the door with his arm about the plump waist of the widow.



"... a hundred men and boys, armed with pitchforks, clubs and brickbats."

"How? Why, say, do you think I'd be da—that is, d'you think I'd be fool enough ter go and git this way fer my health?"

Then the ring was brought forth and exhibited.

"Why, it says, 'From Shadrach to Sophronia,'" said the widow, reading the inscription. "I should like ter know, Cap'n Peters," she added, with a slight toss of her head, "why you took it for granted that I would marry you?"

"Why, Sophrony? Why, because I started out ter git yer, and I will git yer, no matter if there's fifty lubbers with 'offers' in the way. I've said that I'd marry you, and I will, if I have ter wait twenty years. What I say I stand behind. You know *me*."

As the disappointed crowd was leaving, Mrs. Baker saw her two sons slinking away with it, and called them back.

"Peter, you and Abner come here this minute," she commanded.

"Are *them* your children, Sophrony?" asked the petrified captain; "them two there?"

"Yes, certainly, Shadrach. I forgot you had never seen them. Boys, why don't you look at the captain?"

A smile, somewhat grim, but denoting intense satisfaction, slowly spread over Capt. Peters' face.

"Sophrony," he said, "I've always felt it in my bones that it would be a pleasure ter be father ter them two boys."



Home of an Arab Sheik, in Zanzibar, and His Private Caravan.

ZANZIBAR

By ALLEN SANGREE

ARRIVING at Zanzibar, after living in Pretoria, is like stepping from a Puritan church into an Oriental mosque. A few degrees of latitude and the drone of Dutch psalmody, the simmering veldt, the white-covered trek wagon, the laager and the Kaffir kraal are all shoved behind you. A new world, glorious in sunlight and redolent with tropical perfume, suddenly envelops one, and the hustling miner of the Rand, the clang of American trolley cars, the gloomy Boer and the grumbling Colonial farmer, seem but dim and unpleasant phantoms.

You are now in the realm of sultans, slave dealers, ivory merchants and geisha maids; the island where veiled daughters of Mohammed flash burning glances at the white stranger from latticed windows in the narrow streets, and dreamy night falls to echo the ripple of soft laughter and the strain of Moorish lute; in short, an Island of the Blest, where you make a business engagement with a man for 10 A. M., and he turns up at 3 P. M., whereupon you postpone everything twenty-four hours by mutual agreement and stroll over to drink cocktails at the Club with choice souls of similar thirst and languor. To see a human being run on this island jars on one like the blast of a trombone in a quiet reading room, for the sky is so blue, the air so sweet and the sun so warm, that every moment must speak of

indolence, and the word hurry does not appear in the Swahili lexicon.

There is just one exception to this unwritten law in the person of Zanzibar's autocrat, the man whose personality dominates the whole island, who lays down the statutes alike for white, black and lemon; who dictates to the sultan and cows the most rebellious sheik—I mean the British Consul. The character of Sir Arthur Hardinge, K. C. M. A.; C. B., the queen's representative at Zanzibar, is so unusual, and his influence there has been so striking, that I must describe him before going any further.

In the first place, he bears such a marvellous resemblance physically to Theodore Roosevelt, the Vice-Presidential candidate, that if Teddy were to drive through Zanzibar to-morrow, every back would reverently salaam, not knowing but that Sir Arthur had passed. He is also a double for the New York Governor in possessing a ravenous energy which enables him to gather every detail in the life of a nomadic and warlike population scattered over 120,000 square miles of territory in the Zanzibar Protectorate. Coupled with that, he is astute, progressive and enterprising to such a degree that in the Foreign Office he and Lord Curzon have been dubbed "Lord Salisbury's two clever young men." From morning to night he is engaged in promoting the interests of Great Britain in this far-off part of the

world, executing one task after another with the ease and rapidity of an American railroad president. A born diplomat, skilled in the foreign consul work, he is now slated, I believe, for a high office, and the sultan will probably be glad to see his place taken by a person of less vigor and ability. Not that His Serene Highness bears enmity toward Sir Arthur, but the contrast between the two nabobs is so funny that the jovial Protector of the Faith mayhap feels it sometimes. In seven years' association with this indefatigable Briton, His Highness could not help being infected with the spirit of industry, and he insists now on his son traveling about to secure a practical and liberal education. He has also rebuilt his palace that was knocked to smithereens by British shells five years ago, and to be quite modern has entirely forsaken all Oriental architecture. The structure therefore looks for all the world like a summer hotel on the Jersey coast. At night the verandas are brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, the band plays gayly, and there the sultan sits with a favorite concubine, puffing cigarettes and gazing complacently at the Indian Ocean and the twinkling harbor lights. The sultan, I should hasten to explain, is not a licentious despot, as we in the Occident are apt to think of those bearing his title. Indeed, I was assured that besides the one wife to which men of Zanzibar are limited, he has but a paltry half dozen concubines, though he could outdo Solomon in this regard were he so inclined. Rich, fat and contented, this royal figurehead has no desire to make trouble now, but is satisfied to look on while his country prospers. Fast horses alone awake his enthusiasm, and his rare stable of Arabian thoroughbreds capture all the races within 1,000 miles. He is generous, too, and any white visitor coming well introduced can have a four-wheeler to drive over the island, or English cabs to ride. The writer has the sultan to thank for several pleasant outings in these vehicles.

The one point that the sultan and Sir

Arthur do not agree on is slavery. The descendant of Egyptian caliphs clings with the tenacity of tradition to this custom, and were it not for England's unrelenting grasp, and her consul's all-observant eye, I have no doubt that His Highness would gradually resume the practices that obtained in the



The Wall Street of Zanzibar, Where the Arab Money Changers Do Business.

meridian days when the swish of the scimitar mingled with the groans of black men, and the cruel slave merchants filled their dhows with Masai girls for the harems of Muscat and Mecca. "The sultan," remarked an English officer, who is a royal confidant, "thinks international ethics are very weird. What with our grabbing the Transvaal,

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Slave Girl Captured From the Famous Masai Tribe,
Noted in Arabian Harems for the Beauty
of Its Daughters.

America's grabbing the Philippines, and the Powers' jump-on-him-he's-got-no-friends policy with China, he cannot understand what matters the dispatching of a few dozen black girls to his friends in Arabia."

It's this way about the slaves at Zanzibar; you could not think of the place without them. They form a background as essential to the life as in old Roman days, and while white visitors speak of this serfdom as a ghastly crime, I notice they are glad to call at homes there, and recline comfortably on a divan, while to the tinkle of a bell responds an ebony youth with teeth and garments white as sawn ivory, who serves you with cool apollinaris

or Scotch whiskey and glides away with a graceful salaam. How would it be to have an Irish maid or an English butler perform that service? Think of it, reader—the red hands and grating brogue of Tipperary amidst palm trees and magnolia zephyrs! Think of it and sympathize with all Zanzibar, for I have a suspicion that not only the sultan shuns the day when the glad-some slave no longer plays outside the door, but his conquerors as well have the same dread.

And yet the anti-slavery societies cry wildly that slavery must be eradicated at Zanzibar, and the civilized world, between wars, re-echoes the cry, so the British Consul and his officers work industriously to that end. It is not an easy task either with the number of cruisers supplied. The territory to be watched is so wide that the Consul could make use of a small fleet, instead of which he usually has one ship. When I was there last summer the *Barossa* had the station, but two days after she sailed north to Mombassa a courier rushed into the consulate to report that two dhows with twenty girls had slipped away to Arabia under cover of a moonless night, and there was no ship to make pursuit.

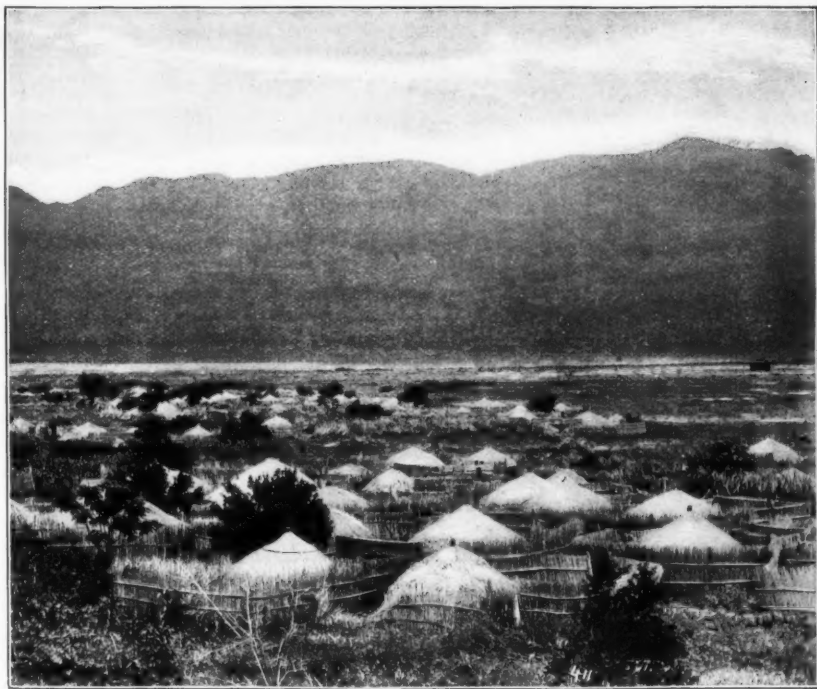
It is this sea-borne traffic that is most difficult to suppress. Just now (in December) when the southwest monsoon sweeps the Indian Ocean, it is active. The lean dhows from Muscat steal along the coast and, concealed in many a creek and river mouth, wait for their agents inland to bring



Baking Day in the Outskirts of Zanzibar.

them a cargo. Then seizing a moment when the warship is engaged elsewhere they slip out and dart eastward. The favorite girls are those captured from the Masai and the Boran Gallas, whose charms appeal to Arabian Moslems somewhat as those of the Cir-

Masai girls are easier to capture, and are therefore more common. The tribe was formerly celebrated for its vast flocks and herds, but a devastating famine some years ago left it almost destitute. The warriors thereupon began a system of raiding on



Pagan Village on the High Plateaus of Uganda; Soon to be a Station on the Uganda Railroad.

cassian women do to the Turks. The Boran are particularly renowned for their beauty, and a slave thief will risk his life to obtain one. This tribe, which occupies the northernmost district of the Protectorate, is altogether swathed in romance. White men have never reached its capital where the stockade of the royal palace is said to be of pure ivory. The Boran warriors are the only ones in Africa who fight on horseback, and such is their valor that they have time and again repulsed the fierce Somalis from the border.

The Masai girls are considered the equals of their Boran sisters in attractiveness, but not in refinement; the latter, rumor has it, practice the rites of Abyssinian Christianity and the lost arts of centuries past. The

all sides, and another fierce tribe, the Wakikuyu, took advantage of their absence to descend on the Masai, kill off the old men and steal all the women and girls. These are now being disposed of at comparatively low rates to local Arab or Swahili middlemen, who retail them at a big profit.

It will be only a generation or two, however, when slavery shall have disappeared in British East Africa, for one can no longer legally buy a slave. This may be done only in German territory where the purchase is made subject to approval by a government officer. In English Protectorate the law respecting slavery is the ordinary one common to all Mohammedan countries, modified by the decrees of Seyyid Khalifa of September, 1889, freeing all persons entering his do-

minions after that date and all children born after 1890; and the decree of Seyyid Ali of August, 1890, which frees all slaves whose masters leave no children. This law makes the sale or purchase of a slave, or the infliction of cruelty upon him a penal offense and gives the slave legal equality with the free-man before the courts of law, but provides that, subject to these restrictions the status of all slaves legally held at the time of its publication shall continue unchanged.

The English have also enacted a law whereby a slave may buy his freedom, and many are taking advantage of this, although the measure is not so popular as might be supposed for the reason that slavery in Zanzibar is not of the cruel sort that existed in America. Slaves are treated so well that they have a sort of feudal love for their masters, Arab country gentlemen, as a rule, who own clove plantations and who in many instances so enrich favorite bondsmen that these in turn are able to buy slaves. These master-slaves are more often guilty of maltreatment, just as in the days of Emperor Augustus, who demolished the estate of a freed man when the latter had fed an unfortunate slave to the fishes as a punishment for smashing a precious vase. Sir Arthur Hardinge does not do this, but he gives a man several years' hard labor in the chains, which works better results all around.

In controlling this domestic traffic the English have little trouble, so magnificently is the island policed. This duty falls to Adj.-Gen. Raikes, a dashing young English officer who commands the Sultan's standing army of 1,000 men as well as the 500 native bobbies. The latter are scattered all over the island and bring their arrests to Arab commissioners stationed at close intervals. So excellent is the system that one feels no safer in Piccadilly or Pall Mall than in Zanzibar, and personally, I threaded the most dangerous parts of the city in company with Lieutenant Stanley-Clarke, of the Scots Guards, penetrating into opium dens, and the resorts of kidnappers and cut-throats without being offered a single insult. The black people feel this delicious security afforded by English law and are much more inclined to appeal to it than transgress it.

The jail at Zanzibar is built around a square plaza where every morning the culprits are lined, to be judged according to their crimes. I was interested in looking over the police blotter for one day to note the disposition of the cases, and the following partial roster of sentences gives one an

idea of Zanzibar's criminal code: Adultery, one month; disobedience to local laws, three days; stole coconut from a shamba (hut), fifteen days, one dozen lashes; slave dealing, three years; stealing a bed, one month and two dozen lashes; drunk and disorderly, ten days; stole a goat, one month and two dozen lashes; stole four rupees, one month, twenty-five lashes; stole bariti (beam), fifteen days; gambling on the beach, fifteen days; beat his wife with a stick, fifteen days.

The state of morals at Zanzibar may be gauged somewhat by this, and it speaks well that in an island filled with the most vicious of Orientals and ignorant Africans, gambling and adultery are dealt with so rigorously, not to mention "beating his wife with a stick." The slave dealer mentioned was a half-cast Moslem of villainous countenance, and naturally received the heaviest sentence. He deserved it. This man was an adept kidnapper, and the police had been on his trail for a long time. He was finally trapped in a secluded spot on the beach dragging toward his canoe a little girl whom he had enticed to carry some coconuts for a few annas. This is a favorite method of recruiting Arabian harems, the child thieves not hesitating to throw overboard their victims if a British cruiser shows in the distance.

Because they do not hurry in Zanzibar it must not be understood as a lazy spot. Let no one think that; on the contrary, it has now become the metropolis of East Africa, and rarely a day passes but that the big-bellied tramp ships from Rangoon, Hamburg, Liverpool and New York discharge their cargoes on the shelving beach and fill up again with the rich products of the island and its mainland nearby. This much to the poignant envy of Emperor William, whose own possessions lie just across the channel, the capital of which, Dar es Salaam, is making every effort to deflect thither the trade from Zanzibar. In no port of the world are Germany and England contesting so bitterly for commercial supremacy as on this African East Coast, and the rivalry has now reached such a point of intensity as to be a cause of open rupture any moment. With the projection of railroads to the interior and constant land-grabbing, the two nations are running a neck-and-neck race, and both, not to be outdone one by the other, are sowing the earth with golden coin in the hope that it will be returned ten-fold as the land is developed.

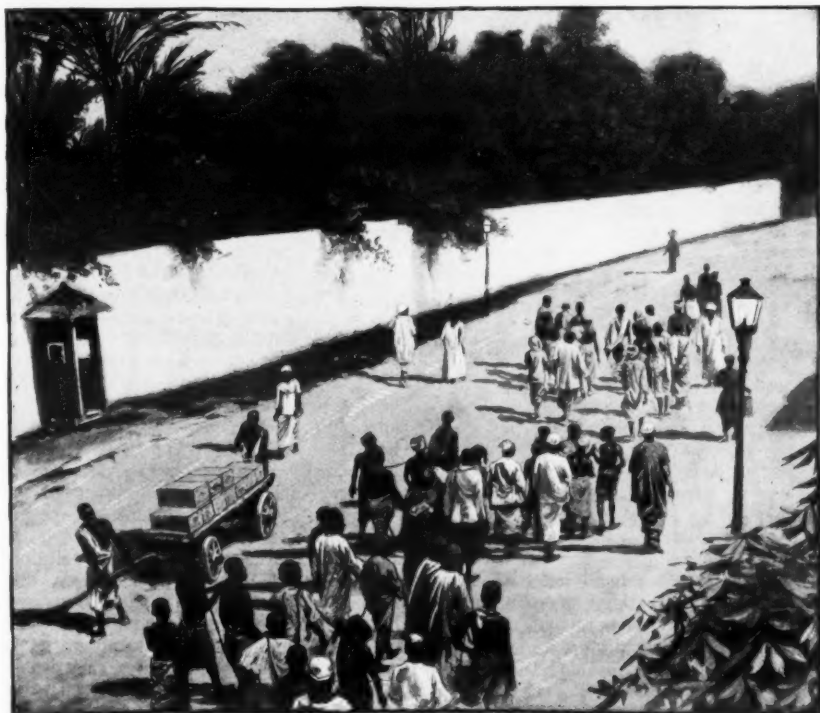
Germany, however, with her East African

Steamship Line that has now begun to circumnavigate the Dark Continent, sailing from Hamburg weekly, is in the lead commercially and the English ministers, while wrestling with the Transvaal problem, cannot afford to lose aught of that one which confronts them further north. In less than a decade the wily and subtle Teutons have subsidized this great steamship company, now so prosperous that every year it is enabled to build a new vessel out of the dividends; they have planted cloves, coffee and tea plantations and made them pay; have exploited rubber companies, built two railroads as against England's one, and have sent out hundreds of colonists.

Meanwhile America has not been idle, having seized two-thirds of the petroleum trade, one-half of the ivory trade, and doubled her shipments of cotton cloth, an item that furnishes one-quarter of all the imports to Zanzibar. Yankees are landing every week, prospecting for American firms of every description, and on the coast one

will find plenty of adventurers. While at dinner at the European hotel in Zanzibar the evening before I left a great, red-bearded person with sun blisters on his face and hands sat down opposite and asked me in a subterranean whisper if I was not an American. On replying affirmatively he said in a burst of confidence: "So'm I. Michigander—lumberman—'n I got the greatest graft out here you ever saw. Just landed about \$10,000 worth of teakwood thirty miles below here, and if I can get it away from the hippotots I'll go back to the states in style." He and his pardner, he explained, had floated the wood down a river, and accidentally ran into a hippopotamus family, whereupon both had to swim for their lives. They had come up to Zanzibar for guns and ammunition to rescue their property.

As in other parts of the world, one is humiliated to see no vessels carrying the American flag. In the last twelve months, but two Maine sailing ships, and no American steamers, landed at Zanzibar. Fortun-

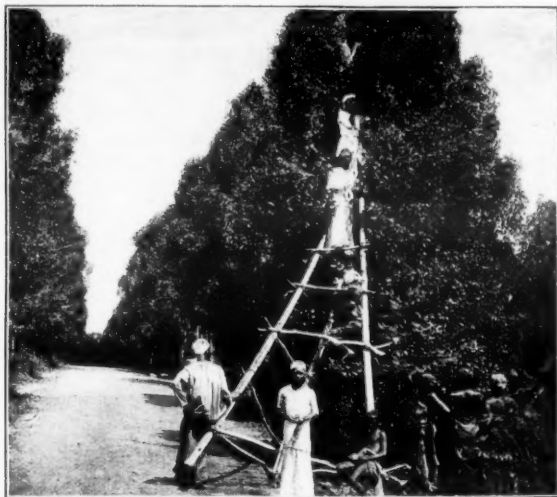


Drawn from a photograph.

Zanzibar Slaves on the Way to the Clove Plantations.

ately, however, this is no criterion of our commerce. At present no country can compete with us in the so-called piece goods trade, though the British Consul points out religiously each month to the home office that this is the most profitable traffic in East

bassa, Tanga and Dar es Salaam are now completed to a distance of four hundred miles, and with the cry of "North to Uganda" instead of "On to Bulawayo" that is now heard in South Africa, American shippers would be dull to possibilities if they



Working on a Clove Plantation.

The Island of Zanzibar is one of the few clove-producing countries in the world.

Africa and wants to know why the Manchester firms do not get after it. America, however, should widen her market in this part of the globe with the exporting of hardware, building material, flour, provisions and all kinds of cheap cloth. "Americani" shoes, machinery and novelties are as popular on the East Coast as below the Zambesi. The rubber industry, too, only waits to be developed, the country being rich in that product.

Zanzibar is a free port for all imports except liquors, arms, ammunition, tobacco and rice. At all coast ports the uniform duty is five per cent. *ad valorem*. Export duties are the same, and the list includes rubber, ivory, cloves, hides, pepper, cocoanuts, tea, coffee, and many tropical products. The exports last year from Zanzibar amounted to \$7,567,035. Of the imports those of America for one month amounted to more than the combined shipments of all Europe.

With three railroads inland to connect with the Cape to Cairo line, good facilities are to be had for forwarding exports. These roads with respective coast termini at Mom-

did not look toward the Zanzibar Protectorate for business. With its rich and fertile valleys, and high, healthy plateaus, it offers far more inducements to the colonist than South Africa with its rainless veldt.

No barriers of mediæval legislation and unfair obstructions confront the introduction of commerce here either, for Great Britain and free trade rule supreme. While the natives apparently have no fondness for the Christian religion, and are inclined to repel it as interfering with their own ancient rites, they object to no other innovations. The missionaries complain that East Africa is the most difficult country on earth into which to introduce the Christian belief. Not so much that the natives are hostile to them, but simply apathetic. You see the religious cults at Zanzibar are so varied, what with Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Paganism, that it is difficult for any other to take hold. The two former refuse absolutely to adopt Christianity. As for the Pagans, they regard polygamy and drunkenness as coveted privileges of eldership, and therefore do not like the new doctrine.

Those who become converts are for the most part runaway slaves who have fled from their masters to mission stations, where they are given land to cultivate so long as they attend services. It seems impossible, however, to eradicate the idea of totems and witchcrafts from their minds. No Nyika convert, for example, would think of killing a hyena, an oath which is held most sacred. Other tribes revere the chameleon and the Gallas have a sacred book the observance of whose precepts made them in former days the first of nations. Unfortunately, it was left lying about and was eaten by a cow, hence when a cow is killed the inside is most carefully searched for that volume.

There is no difficulty in preaching the doctrine of a Supreme Being since nearly every tribe believes in this, but a missionary told me that it would be hundreds of years before Christianity would take a firm hold on Zan-

a female. God now gave to the man, the dwarf, and the baboon, an ax, a hoe, various kinds of seed, and fire, and sent them forth into the world. The baboons sat down and ate up their seeds, threw away the ax, the hoe, and the fire, and climbed up into the trees, and there they lived. The dwarfs also ate their seeds and, throwing away the hoe, lived in the forest. But man and his female by the use of the ax and fire God had given them, cleared away a place in the forest where they planted their seeds. Again, with their ax they cleared a place for a village and built bark houses on either side of a street, and a palaver house across the end. When God came to see the use made of what He had given His creatures, He found the baboons living in the trees, and the dwarfs living off in the forest in rude huts that scarcely could be called a village, and with but an attempt at agriculture. But when He came to man He found him living in a



Lunch Hour for the Zanzibar Pickaninnies.

zibar. The East African's conception of God, he told me, is as follows:

"God first created man and for him a female. Next, God created the dwarf and gave him his female. (They look on the dwarf as a lower order of creation.) Then God created the baboon and created for him

village with houses in line on either side of a clean street, a palaver house across the end, and a garden growing besides, and God said man had done right."

Further than this, as in the doctrine of Trinity or in the Immaculate Conception, the Pagan tribes refuse to believe.

The best work missionaries are doing in the Zanzibar Protectorate is in education and exploration. Both the Mohammedans and Hindoos are apt scholars, and while they reject any religious instruction, greedily receive the secular. Many sheiks are now establishing schools in the Protectorate where are taught the European languages and rudiments of science. By these advantages the British officials are enabled to fill all the lesser civic positions with intelligent young Arabs and Indians who show a vigorous enterprise in adopting any feature of modern civilization.

One of these Zanzibar graduates conducts a full-fledged publishing house that each year issues a magnificent edition of the Koran for the Sultan and his friends. The firm's most important publication is the *Zanzibar Gazette*, which prints more cable news than a New York daily, and local gossip that is refreshing to read. The event of the week during my stay at Zanzibar was a concert held at the English club, when the audience embraced the entire white population of 150. Any one chancing upon the assembly might easily have thought himself among the ultra-fashionable folk of London or New York, so elegant were the feminine toilets, so faultless the evening dress.

Most persons thought the entertainment altogether charming, but the *Gazette* edi-

tor found plenty of room for improvement. The seating arrangements in particular annoyed him, and he railed next day in a scathing editorial over the fact that "the ladies were perforce obliged to seat themselves in the fatal semi circle to be seen of all and to be able to be approached by but few: many only too eager to pay bondage to the fair sex were thereby perforce demonstrative or were rebuked for their tardiness."

The English club is the hub of Caucasian Zanzibar. Every white man of importance on the island has two homes, his own and the club. With such constant patronage this institution should naturally be a flourishing one, but it is considerably more than that. I can think of no accommodation lacking there that one would find in London. I would like to tell more of the social life and recreations at Zanzibar, of its rolling golf links, green cricket sward, its gymkhana games and polo course, to say nothing of the big game shooting on the mainland. I should like to describe a royal reception at the Sultan's palace, and the starlit nights when a red moon hangs low above mosaic courts to light the way for black slaves as they flit about with iced drinks and cigarettes; when Zanzibar's Four Hundred pocketed far away from the rest of the world gossips of those matters that concern its own little set.

DE PROFUNDIS

By PETER McARTHUR

Not yet are deeds fruition of my thought,
 Nor is this body symbol of my soul,
 For evil ever in this life is wrought
 That shuns the will and its divine control.
 Surely I shall not be forever weak,
 Halting and stumbling on the chosen way,
 Blinded by the pure and perfect light I seek,
 Upon the threshold of eternal day.
 I do not mourn discredit to my fame
 Who smile at Time and his confining shores;
 'Tis this provokes the burning blush of shame;
 The flesh still grovels though the spirit soars;
 But my heart's anguish who can understand,
 Or stay my folly with a guiding hand?

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

WILLIAM GILLETTE may play "Hamlet" next year, as has been announced with a careful flourish of trumpets.

It is equally possible that the announcement is only another of those rockets of stage rumor which shoot into the air with a hiss, burst into a flash blossom of color and vanish, the stick dropping harmlessly. But, if Gillette really does undertake the part that every actor is said to aspire to, we may be sure he will develop a budget of surprises out of William Shakespeare's prompt book and property list. His *Hamlet* will invite in advance more curious interest than Sothorn's, Julia Arthur's or May Irwin's, who, it must be noted, has not yet definitely decided to interpret the melancholy Dane. Think of *Billings*, in "Too Much Johnson," or of *Sherlock Holmes*! It is true that Gillette can be sad, tragically sad; yet his sadness is that of a man of this age. It is not poetized save by that thin veil of the poetic which is the limit of the wonderful century. Gillette is an actor in prose, and in a prose of exceeding vigor and tensivity. It is a problem then whether he can with success leap into the field opposite and opposed. The only satisfactory solution will be given by Gillette himself when he plays the part—if he play it at all. Charles Frohman, who is Gillette's manager, has professed confidence in the venture; and his views are worth consideration because he has made a great deal of money in putting them into effect.

Mr. Frohman has not hesitated to star Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon," which is a bold stroke, to say the least. It is too early yet to pronounce on this effort. Maude Adams has to compare with Bernhardt. This is not so trying a competition in the judgment of the thousands that believe the creator of *Lady Babbie* is the "finest actress in the world." Whatever may be the outcome, the magnetism of Maude Adams will be potent as ever, and people will go under the spell. They would yield to it, even if she tried to do *Humpty-Dumpty* or *Lear*. Maude Adams possesses in abundant measure the indefinable quality that constitutes a star, whether man or woman. Perhaps she is more richly endowed in this gift than any woman now on the American stage. Few women with as many limitations as she must feel have ever attained to such unquestioned

popularity. She lacks beauty of face and of figure. Her scope of interpretation is confined within the triangle of delicate humor, charm and pathos. With these three qualities, developed and driven by toil almost religious in its constancy, she has conquered



Viola Allen.

As DONA DOLORES DE MENDOZA, in her new play, "In the Palace of the King."



Thor's photo.

Malcolm Williams.

BILL WEST, in "Caleb West."



Foss photo.

Vincent Serrano.

LIEUTENANT DENTON, in "Arizona."



Partridge photo.

Walter Hitchcock.

JOSEPH HOLDEN, in "The Choir Invisible."

the field. Maude Adams is probably one of the most envied women in her profession; but no one can justly think she has not earned her success. She began poor and unknown at an obscure theatre west of the Mississippi, when that region had one theatre for ten it has to-day. After she had con-

trived to enter New York some years later she could get only insignificant parts. Many young women of soaring ambition are doing the same line in New York to-day. Most of them will never do anything better. The salvation of Maude Adams was that she played such parts with the peculiar Maude Adams significance. Then she began to go ahead; and thus far she has not retrograded. That she has been directed by the foremost manager of this decade is purely consequential. Charles Frohman saw an opportunity in the ability of Maude Adams, and he has used it to his advantage, to hers and to the entertainment of the public.

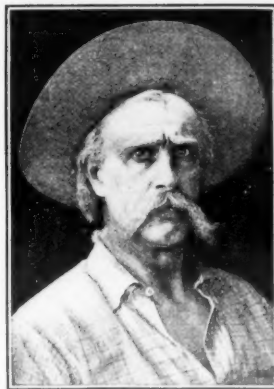
Another remarkable success of a woman star, pursued by a different course of action, is exhibited in the career of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne. Mrs. Le Moyne had attained a certain age before she made even a personal hit in a play. That was a few years ago in "The Moth and the Flame." Then followed "Catharine," the starring medium for Annie Russell. On the first night, however, Mrs. Le Moyne easily carried the house. It was a surprise with a sting, and it fixed Mrs. Le Moyne as a star. Her first play, "The Greatest Thing in the World," was written for her by Harriet Ford and Beatrice de Mille. The piece is founded on the love of a mother for her son. The son drinks hard, is weak-willed and has committed a forgery on a check given to him by his brother. The mother is willing to sacrifice all, even marriage with the man she loves, in order to save her son from the horrible result of his folly. The graceless son overhears the con-



Sarony photo.

Percy Haswell.

As SERAPHINA, in "Prince Otto."



Fowler photo.

Theodore Roberts.

HENRY CANBY, in "Arizona."



Chickering photo.

William T. Hodge.

FREEMAN WHITMARSH, in "Sag Harbor."



Sarony photo.

George Nash.

BARON VON GONDREMARK, in "Prince Otto."

version in which the mother offers to make the sacrifice, and the appreciation of the immolation she would undergo for love of him strikes him with remorse and repentance. By her tactful aid he manages to pull out of the pit into which he has fallen, and a happy ending to the play is insured. "The Greatest Thing in the World" is not an example of flawless dramatic construction. In places the authors exhibit an inability to knit thought and action in harmonious development that would once have been called thoroughly feminine. They have neglected also to infuse sufficient humor into their play. But they have given us a new throb, and a sincere, wholesome one. The love of a mother is a great and universal motive that dramatists have feared to use, if they have discovered it in rummaging through their ideas.

Nearly every season brings a surprise. The best one so far is the hit made by Henrietta Crosman in "Nell Gwyn." This is the first of the plays, founded on the career of the witty mistress of Charles II., that New York has had occasion to judge. Henrietta Crosman has been away in the provinces so long that she appeared in the light of a newcomer. Yet it does not seem possible to have forgotten the sprightly comedienne who was so buoyant and mirthful in those big successes "Gloriana" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." It serves to bring to mind once more how soon actors are forgotten, although of all people in the public eye they are the ones most photographed and most written about in their hey-day.

Henrietta Crosman has probably remembered this more frequently than she would have preferred. But she has no time to think on it now, for she has secured new laurels. What is more, she has changed the luck of a theatre that had been having so many failures, it was begun to be suspected. A higher



Fredericks photo.

Nora Dunblane.

PAULINE, in "Her Majesty."

achievement still is that she has introduced a new playwright, George C. Hazleton, Jr. Miss Crosman deserves a long run of full houses, which is more substantial than congratulations, though these also are due.

Very interesting is the news that E. S.

pression he might make. He talked the outlook over with Henry Irving, one of his best friends. Irving, judging from his experience of the country, told Willard that he had every chance to win.

"But if you don't succeed with the plays you've got," the famous Londoner added, "here's a play of mine you can take. You'll be strong in it, and I'm almost confident they'll like it."

Willard caught the American public at the outset, and consequently did not need the play Irving had so generously offered. The good deed had been done, however, and Willard did not forget it.

After a year's use of the plays of the late Fanny Davenport, Blanche Walsh has made her first appearance as a star in a play expressly written for her. "Marcelle" is the title, and the author is Eugene W. Presbrey,

a man long known for his familiarity with stage technique. Unfortunately, the play has such radical defects that the ability of Blanche Walsh is clouded rather than revealed. Yet it is the kind of play that would stand a fair chance with the average manager. It is full of "situations," as that term is understood behind the scenes. The scenes are elaborate and picturesque; and as a mechanical effect, the last act blows up in the explosion of a powder mine. In a word, "Marcelle" fills all the requirements that managers demand inexorably. But it lacks the one thing managers often overlook, that audi-

ences will not do without. This is a soul—or a clearly defined and logically worked-out story. All the stagecraft in the world cannot make a play without this element.

For one or two reasons Heinrich Conried's Irving Place Theatre is the most interesting



Fräulein Hedwig Lange.

New leading lady of the Irving Place Theatre.

Willard is to reappear on the stage this season. This sound and enjoyable actor has been dangerously sick since he left the United States a couple of years ago. He returns to us in restored health and with a new play, "Punchinello," the title of which gives a clew to the character of the piece. He will also play "Tom Pinch" and "David Garrick." The fact that Mr. Willard makes his reappearance on the American stage is an indication of the popularity he has gained in this country. When he was about to make his first tour in the United States several years ago, he was not at all certain of the im-



Bradley photo.

Grayce Scott.

Imperial Stock Company, St. Louis.

*Bassett photo.*

Beatrice Morgan.

Castle Square Opera Company.

production from a classic tragedy to a modern problem play or an up-to-date farce. You never hear people talk of the magnificent settings of a play at this theatre. Up-holstery is only an incidental: the main object is perfect acting. That the company is more frequently successful than not in this aim may be judged from the fact that the Irving Place Theatre has a steady patronage. Herr Conried has the public in his debt also for introducing some of the best-known German players to German theatre-goers in New York. The leading lady of his company this year, while

playhouse in New York. No other manager has the courage to present good plays of any nature or period. He can attempt any

ing lady at the Deutsche Theatre, in Berlin, and in Munich, at the Schauspielhaus. Another player whom Herr Conried has brought over this season is Otto Ottbert, who secured immediate favor with New York audiences.

Grace George seems at length to have made a hit as a star in "Her Majesty." The previous plays used as mediums to make her the main figure on the stage had so little value in themselves that every opportunity to judge Grace George was nullified. In "Her Majesty" she plays the part of a girl queen who has the habit of going among her people in disguise. This practice results in her

*Chickering photo.*

Adora Andrews.

LENA KELLAR, in "Arizona."

*Chickering photo.*

Margaret Pitt.

SUSAN MURPHY, in "Sag Harbor."



Rhoda Cameron.

Daniel Frohman's Stock Company.

not internationally famous, has made a solid reputation in a very few years. Fräulein Hedwig Lange had remarkable success as lead-

ing lady at the Deutsche Theatre, in Berlin, and in Munich, at the Schauspielhaus. Another player whom Herr Conried has brought over this season is Otto Ottbert, who secured immediate favor with New York audiences.

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infatuation for the leader of an anarchistic organization among her subjects. While this infatuation at first promises ruin to the kingdom, it must, by dramatic law, lead to the ultimate advantage and blessedness of all concerned. The play has been fairly well made by Joseph I. C. Clarke out of a novel by Elizabeth K. Tompkins. The principal character in the novel is said to be founded on the personality of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands. Mr. Clarke is favorably known for various plays made by him, of which may be mentioned a dramatization of "The First Violin" and "Heartsease," a collaboration with Charles Klein.

*Fredericks photo.*

Clarence Whitehill.

Basso, Metropolitan English Opera Company.



Rose & Sands photo.

James T. Powers.

Who is featured in "San Toy."

Richard Mansfield has the right to indulge in much satisfaction over the reception accorded to his production of "Henry V." Everybody knew him to be the most striking personality and perhaps the greatest actor on the American

panorama. The spectacular part of "Henry V." is the most artistic kind of pantomime, and that is why it moves the heart and keeps the brain alert. The enormously long cast is in the hands of good actors, men and women; as to Mr. Mansfield's performance, while occasionally open to criticism, it is, on the whole, full of distinction and intelligence. In the courtship scene with *Katharine*, that exquisite piece of



Otto Ottbert.

A new actor at the Irving Place Theatre.

stage. Few suspected, however, the supreme talent he has shown as a producer of spectacle. Irving himself has not surpassed

this achievement. From the first parting of the curtain, when *Chorus* interpreted by Florence Kahn, appears, till the final solemn pantomime of the betrothal of *Henry* and *Katharine*, the audience lives in the true Shakesperianatmosphere. Two scenes are really tremendous: the battle on the field of Agincourt and the magnificent triumphal return to London of the victorious king. Not a word is spoken in either of these scenes, yet the story

is told roundly and precisely. If this were not so, the mere spectacle would tire the eye and leave the mind famished. Nothing becomes so quickly monotonous as simple



Fanchon Thompson.

Who makes her American debut with the Metropolitan English Opera Company.

comedy. Mr. Mansfield attained to the very pinnacle of excellence.

A unique one-act drama by I. Zangwill, called "The Moment of Death" has been produced as an after-piece to Mrs. Le Moyne's "The Greatest Thing in the World." The time of this play is one moment—that moment of transition in which a dying person is said to see at a glance all the events of his life. The play gave Mrs. Le Moyne opportunities to display at once her emotional force and her versatil-

ity. Her rôle is that of a woman who has killed her husband to save her lover. Twenty-five years later, in the moment of her death, she lives through this tragedy again.